

WE INDIANS
THE PASSING OF A GREAT RACE



Big Chief White Horse Eagle

WE INDIANS

THE PASSING OF A GREAT RACE

*Being the recollections of the
last of the Great Indian Chiefs*

BIG CHIEF WHITE HORSE EAGLE

as told to

EDGAR VON SCHMIDT-PAULI

translated by

CHRISTOPHER TURNER

Frontispiece



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PREFACE

HOW-KO-LA !

I greet you, my white brothers and sisters. I am the great chief White Horse Eagle.

I am somewhat older than all of you who are about to read this book which I dictated to my white brother, Chief Larga, who took it down in writing. For my eyes have seen one hundred and seven summers.

I do not usually talk a great deal. But I will tell you here the truth about my life in order that you may learn about my people who once upon a time were free, great and mighty, but now are few in number and unhappy, and about whom so many lies have been told.

After me there will be no more great chiefs.

I have therefore gone back to my youth and have broken silence about many things as to which we chiefs and pure-bred Indians usually maintain a reserve.

Of course I cannot betray to you our great secrets. I will tell you, however, what I can, in order that through this book future generations of my people and yours may learn what was great and fine in our people and the sad side of their character.

To begin with, everything went well, but afterwards terribly wrong.

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But above all I am only going to tell you the truth and no fictitious stories of the Wild West. No fairy tales of sanguinary cruelties.

It is untrue to say that the Indians are cunning and cruel. We were never ruthless except in war and then only because we were men. When we took scalps we did so in open and honourable fight. A warrior must naturally be sly and cunning and be able to creep as silently as a panther. Never, however, have we fought with poisoned weapons.

The very man who has just torn the scalp from the head of his enemy will help a poor little frog on to its legs that is struggling helplessly in a hole.

We never tortured animals nor killed them for fun like the Pale-faces, nor slaughtered them in thousands merely for their pelts without making any use of their carcasses which the Great Manitoo gave us for food. We only killed animals when we were in need of food and clothing, and after killing them we asked them for forgiveness with the ceremonial rites prescribed by our religion.

We spared the ground, too, on which we lived and never cut down whole forests as the Pale-faces did and so caused the great floods that occur nowadays in America because there are no forest-lands to stop them. The prairies have been swept bare of the fine wild buffaloes which provided us with food, and of those swift and splendid horses with their flowing manes and tails.

We have got to lead a new life for which we are not suited. I keep on telling the brothers of my

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nation, however, that they are men and must play a man's part in their new existence. Many of them have pulled themselves together and work with the Pale-faces and have proved themselves shrewd and capable.

Many of them nevertheless are still living in the reservations and have nothing to eat or wear because there is nothing left for them to hunt.

It is about all these things of the present and the past that I am going to tell you.

I want, too, to build a bridge of truth between to-day and yesterday along which your mind can travel and prevent it pursuing a false trail.

I am an aged man. I love my people and hope that the small band which still survives will take fresh root in their old country that has changed so much from their point of view, and that justice and real fraternity will universally prevail.

I love you, my white brothers and sisters, as much as I do my own people, with my soul, my heart and my body. We are all one people and family in the sight of the Great Spirit. May He bless you!

How-Ko-La.

Big Chief White Horse Eagle



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THE story I am about to relate is that of Big Chief White Horse Eagle of the Osage tribe which inhabits the State of Colorado in the North American Union. It is the story of a man who is one hundred and seven years old.

In the United States he is considered the representative of his people, the noble, simple and warlike race for which apparently the world has no further use. There are only about sixty thousand pure-bred Indians left in the United States. The three to four hundred thousand half-breeds do not, as such, make any pretence to purity of blood, and carry on very imperfectly the traditions of their forefathers. These sixty thousand even, who formerly exercised their sway over huge territories where they are now more or less tolerated, have been compelled to adapt themselves to new conditions. The Indian of romance no longer exists.

The Big Chief has smoked the pipe of peace with every President of the United States since Lincoln. He has only as yet not shaken hands with Hoover owing to his departure for Europe before the latter's election. The last ceremonial action undertaken by him prior to his journey was to create the aviators Köhl, Von Hünefeld and Fitzmaurice honorary chieftains.

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This is not by any means his first visit to Europe, which took place in the year 1887 on the occasion of the Jubilee of the old Queen Victoria. The conversation between the aged chieftain, as he then already was, and the Queen must have been very curious.

He sat beside the Queen and told her of the cruel fate of his people. "Tears," he said, "rolled down the cheeks of the old white Queen. I tapped her upon the shoulder and said: 'Now I will show you one of our Indian dances': and I danced until she smiled again."

In 1889 he again went to Europe and visited Berlin, where he smoked the pipe of peace with Bismarck.

He has still got the long and beautifully carved pipe which he then used, and keeps it wrapped up in a blue cloth and uses it on all ceremonial occasions.

The dignity of chief will become extinct with Big Chief, as the appointment to the chieftainship in the ancient traditional sense is conditional not only upon nobility of blood, that is to say descent from a family of chieftains, usually in itself an ancient dynasty, but also upon the successful compliance with certain tests which to our eyes would appear incredibly difficult, and which, in fact, are incompatible with modern conditions of existence. In future, therefore, no more chieftains can, legitimately, be created.

And so it is that when the old man talks to us as he does in this book, he seems to revive the

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Indian legend, and we feel that we are catching the strains of a melody of the Wild West before it disappears in the mists which enshroud the past.

It was entirely by chance that I came across the Indian and was able to induce him to tell me the story of his long life and, incidentally, to throw light upon a portion of the history of his people. In the course of my labours much was revealed to me of which I was ignorant or only dimly apprehended. Much that was very profound and of exceeding beauty—much, too, that was mysterious. What, however, impressed me above all was the sadness which is associated with the events of this world.

The great drama of the decay of the red race is an historical episode in the story of European colonization of which we have no cause to be proud. One is appalled by the reflection that so much that was noble and free in humanity had to be sacrificed because it was incapable of keeping pace with the march of civilization which reduced everything to one dead level of mediocrity. Its disappearance is one of the saddest stories in history.

Hendrik van Loon has written a curious and most fascinating book about the development of the American continent, entitled *From Columbus to Coolidge*, which throws a very interesting light upon the history of the Indians. The following passage occurs in Chapter III :

In the year of our Lord 1752, General Jeffrey Amherst (who gave his name to a well-known village and educational establishment in North-west Massachusetts) had occasion to

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give instructions to his subordinates as to the treatment of certain tribes of aborigines which recognized His Majesty the King of England as their Lord and Master.

"You will be well advised," wrote His Excellency, "to infect the Indians with sheets upon which smallpox patients have been lying or by any other means which may serve to exterminate this accursed race. I should be very glad if your plan of hunting them down with dogs were to prove practicable."

If an excellent and not inhuman English General could openly avow such sentiments in the middle of the eighteenth century (when the world had already begun to take genuine interest in the fate of the less civilized races) we may well imagine how the poor savages fared three hundred years earlier when they suddenly found themselves delivered over to the soldiers and friars of His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. The less said about it the better.

For the Spaniard, who from his childhood had been brought up to hate and despise the dusky Moors (who for five hundred years had ruled his country), looked upon the copper-coloured inhabitants of his new possessions as creatures who had nothing whatever in common with the rest of mankind.

This circumstance proved in one respect to be of great advantage to the Indians. It removed them beyond the scope of the laws and regulations of the Inquisition which were only meant to apply to "reasonable beings." The fate of the Indian, however, was not a happy one and was rendered worse by the conviction which lurked in some obscure corner of his heathen mind that he was really the

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rightful owner of the land, and that the alien who had reduced him and his neighbours to slavery, was merely an intruder who could only maintain his position by means of his many thunder-pipes and ten-pounders.

The problem of the origin of the Indians is as yet unsolved. Whether the redskins were Asiatics who crossed to the American Continent by the frozen Straits of Behring or migrated thither over land which has since disappeared, or whether they are descended from primitive races which wandered from Europe to Labrador via Iceland and Greenland, are questions which cannot be settled in the light of the material available. It appears, however, to be certain that the American Continent was only settled thousands of years after the appearance of human beings in Asia, Africa and Europe, and that when the forefathers of the Indians had reached this neighbourhood they remained cut off from intercourse with the rest of the world for anything between fifteen and twenty thousand years. The American aborigines were by no means mentally inferior to the races which inhabited other parts of this planet. They had, however, been so entirely left to their own resources that they were in most respects quite unable to compete with the Europeans who now set upon them with arquebuses and musketoons.

But there was yet another reason for the Indians thus falling an easy prey to their foreign conquerors. They were too few in number. The whole of the Continent (South and North America and the portion

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known as Central America which was most thickly populated) did not contain, in all probability, more than ten million inhabitants, that is to say not more than the combined population at the present time of New York and Chicago. The smallness of their numbers was due to the nomadic nature of their existence and to the ignorance on the part of the majority of the rudiments of agriculture.

The experience of the Aztecs in Mexico with the Spaniards has a twofold significance and interest for us. In the first place, the Spaniards at that early stage of European colonization penetrated northwards comparatively far into what subsequently became the territory of the Union. True it is that they could not remain there, and the tribes of North American Indians in what is now Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California were consequently spared the "blessings" of white civilization. The effects of certain religious and cultural influences, however, were apparently to be observed among them. Some of these tribes, all of whom were known to Big Chief and about whom he is going to tell us, evince even to-day certain peculiarities which distinguish them from their brothers who inhabit mountainous territory or the prairies farther north. There is much that is curious, as we shall see, in the account of these tribes which will be given by the old Indian chieftain. How far the ethics and opinions of these frontier Indians were affected by Spanish and Catholic influence in former times we shall probably never find out.

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Secondly, the clash between the Spaniards and the Aztecs was the first scene of the great drama of the colonization of North America. For the Spaniards were followed by the English, the French, and the Dutch, who founded their Colonies, or in other words murdered and drove away the Indians, and thus gradually prepared the way for the great rush of immigrants which began in the nineteenth century and spread over the whole territory of what is now the United States. Raleigh was the first to colonize the East Coast of this territory and founded what is now Virginia, so named by him after the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. The Puritans next arrived on the Hudson. Other Colonies were founded from Massachusetts and this led to the union of the Colonies of New England.

In the meantime the Dutch had founded their factory of New Amsterdam upon Manhattan Island at the mouth of the Hudson in 1614. This colony was captured by the English fifty years later and became New York.

In 1681, William Penn founded his Quaker Colony of Pennsylvania. The Quakers distinguished themselves very advantageously from the Puritans by their treatment of the Indians. The Indians for centuries have preserved the name of Penn in affectionate remembrance. Again and again in the course of conversations about old-time traditions Penn's name was mentioned by Big Chief with approval. "Penn was a good man," the old chief kept on saying.

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It is interesting to see how the memory of a kind-hearted man is preserved for centuries by a people living in a state of nature, and how large ancient tradition looms in the personal recollections of our Indian friend.

It is important for the understanding of the Civil War of 1861-65 to realize that the country south of the thirty-sixth degree of latitude was colonized in 1663 by the English nobility and thus received an aristocratic stamp, whereby it was strongly differentiated from New England, a feature that was accentuated by the monopoly of the slave trade. Whereas in the North a democracy was growing up which aimed at political equality, feudal conditions existed in the South, where the population consisted of the wealthy landed aristocracy and a horde of slaves. Thus were sown the seeds of future developments which two hundred years later were to lead to the decisive civil war between North and South.

The eighteenth century was the period of the great colonial squabbles between the Christian and Most Christian Kings of England, France and Spain. It was the two former especially whose European quarrels reacted upon the new continent. In 1758 the French were defeated at Quebec and Montreal, and Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) was taken by Washington. Under the Treaty of Paris (1763) Canada, the French possessions east of the Mississippi, and the peninsula of Florida were ceded to the English.

The second great problem came up for decision in the latter half of the eighteenth century and was

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solved by the War of Independence. This contest, quite apart from its economic features which were due to the fiscal oppression of the mother country, was not devoid of idealism and symbolized the revolt of the spirit of freedom against the tutelage of the Old World, which was becoming increasingly intolerable. Victory remained with the former.

The Declaration of Independence of the Colonies took place on the 4th July, 1776, to be followed by the conclusion of peace at Versailles in 1783.

General Washington became the first President of the Union. That is, however, rather a simple and easy way of putting it. The various recalcitrant States had first of all to be federated into a Union. The constitution was only submitted for negotiation and discussion in September, 1787. Two more years were to elapse before the various States agreed to accept it and the first congress could assemble on the 4th March, 1789, and elect the President as prescribed by the constitution.

The subsequent period, which comprises the terms of office of the first six Presidents, is one of construction and is remarkable for the incorporation in the Union of the States of Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and Louisiana, the latter of which was purchased by President Jefferson from Napoleon for the sum of sixty million francs.

The War with England which again ensued was a last attempt on the part of the Old Country to regain lost ground. The independence of the Union was, however, finally established by the Peace of

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Ghent. The States of Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine and Florida joined the Union.

When, after the secession of the Spanish Colonies and the separation of Brazil from Portugal, the last of the bonds between America and Europe were apparently sundered, the Union felt that the time had come for it to exercise a hegemony which naturally devolved upon it by virtue of its paramount position in the New World. Its attitude was well expressed by the declaration of President Monroe in 1824 (the so-called Monroe Doctrine), which denied to any European Power the right to extend its colonies in America, or to found new ones or to meddle in the internal affairs of American States.¹

This period which was marked by the internal consolidation of the Union and by the withdrawal of the troops of His Britannic Majesty, was both a sad and disastrous one from the Indian point of view. The military posts which had been pushed forward towards the West had exercised a more or less effective control upon the farmers of the frontier. With the withdrawal of the former all check upon the persecution and extirpation of the Indian tribes in their territories by the Americans was removed. The situation was rendered still more unpleasant for the Indians owing to their having been induced by the instinct of self-preservation to join the English soldiers and having in certain cases perpetrated cruelties upon the farmers. They were now themselves to become the object of revenge.

One Indian tribe after another was slaughtered or compelled to migrate westwards. The more civilized among them who inhabited the forests of northern New York and were ruled by

¹ Scobel, *Geographisches Handbuch*, Vol. II, p. 342.

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a federal system of government that Franklin had recommended to the members of Congress as a model for the United States, attempted to resist but were defeated by a considerable force under the command of John Sullivan of New Hampshire. Sullivan, in order to complete his victory, destroyed their orchards and cornfields and the survivors consequently died of starvation. Although very many people protested against this act of barbarism, Congress congratulated Sullivan upon his heroism and voted its thanks to him in particular.¹

Our readers must not imagine from this talk about the consolidation of the Union that we are dealing even approximately with the present area of the United States, but should remember rather that all these events took place in the eastern portion of that immense country North America and upon a strip of its southern coast. The great West was still an unknown land.

Another century has elapsed. What a period of development it has been! Whereas during the previous three hundred and thirty years colonization only gradually took place, and the East and the South and the whole of the West was still a mysterious wilderness and a land of virgin forest, the nineteenth century, which is covered by the life of this chieftain, witnessed the spread of civilization throughout the whole of the new Continent. The lure of gold and silver treasure in the Wild West stirred the imagination of the Old World. The Forests and prairies which hitherto had only known the stealthy tread of the Indian or the thunderous stampede of herds of buffaloes, perhaps here and there

¹ Van Loon, *From Columbus to Coolidge*, p. 157.

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the creaking ox-wagons of an isolated column of immigrants, were suddenly overrun by crowds of immigrants. Strange towns shot up like mushrooms overnight ; railway lines and telegraph poles were pushed along what had hitherto been the unknown trail of the Indian. This wild camp life had hardly begun before it was succeeded by the hustle and bustle of city life. It was in vain that the herds of wild horses fled in terror from their peaceful grazing grounds to other and more remote hiding-places. The next half-century was to bring destruction upon them and to seal their fate. The buffaloes were slaughtered by thousands, not merely killed for food but slain from sheer greed. Their hides were stacked in bales, and their flesh, which would have kept whole tribes of Indians for years, was left to rot uselessly or to become the prey of vultures and coyotes. The Indians were driven from their hunting grounds farther and farther westwards. Go where they might they could find no game to provide them with food and clothing. A period of hunger and privation set in, a period of terrible mortality. Crowded together into a few reservations, they melted away with alarming rapidity. Need we say that they revolted and that the savagery of the fighting was enhanced by the stubborn nature of their resistance? Need we deny that they were guilty of treacherous ambushes and of wicked acts of revenge, although it is true that the latter were prompted in many instances by unscrupulous hirelings with the object of affording the whites a convenient excuse for more radical

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methods of extirpation? The last great battle took place in 1876. We shall hear more about it later on.

In view of the technical superiority of the white man, how could the noble son of the wilderness in all his natural simplicity hope to prevail with the weapons of a romantic past against the brutal machinery of his adversary? He was compelled to bury the war hatchet and have recourse to treaties in order to save what he could. But treaties are only valid if force is available to ensure their observance. The poor Indians had right but not might on their side. Their case became yet more desperate, aggravated as it was by the fact that they began to succumb to the seductions of civilization, fire-water and effeminacy. They began to be attracted by white women. Cross-breeding ruined the ancient stock. It is dying out like the beavers in Germany, that are now only to be found in the neighbourhood of Magdeburg and will soon only be seen in museums. As I have already said, only between sixty and seventy thousand pure-bred survivors of the millions of noble specimens of brown humanity still exist. And their last Head Chieftain, once a prince upon earth, is still travelling about in his ancient but sadly patched ceremonial raiment, trying to call the attention of the white nations to the great wrong that has been done in the West, or at any rate to arouse their interest in the venerable and simple customs and usages of his people, and to preserve for coming generations a fragment of the legendary life of the Indians.

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It must surely be accounted strange irony on the part of history and a startling testimony to the moral revolution wrought by time that this scion of a warlike tribe, from whose belt eighty-nine scalps are hanging, should now be going about preaching mutual understanding, reconciliation and love.

Big Chief White Horse Eagle, the "world-famous Chief" as he ingenuously subscribes himself, is of a chocolate-coloured complexion. The name of red-skin is derived from the habit of the Indians of painting themselves red before going on the war-path. His face resembles weather-beaten deerskin, but bears traces of sun and wind rather than of age. For a man who is one hundred and seven years old he is astonishingly unwrinkled. It is only the absence of teeth and the heaviness of his gait, characteristic though it be of the cautious and stealthy tread of the Indian, that betray his age. Otherwise there is nothing senile about him. His dark eyes shine with a red gleam and radiate vitality. His gestures are quick, natural and uncommonly expressive. It is his countenance, however, which is so marvellous. It is like a constantly changing landscape which is full of mystery and surprises. One can study this face for hours and still not discover all its wonders or plumb its uncharted depths. At one moment it bespeaks energy and liveliness, at another it assumes an almost uncanny rigidity reminiscent of the savage scenery of the regions of eternal silence. His gaze becomes absorbed and remote from earthly things. His hands lie motion-

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less upon his knees and you would take him for a god of stone, too exalted to consider the fate of mere nations, who is holding converse with Eternity.

His smile at another moment assumes a childishly merry and ingenuous expression. When he greets anyone his countenance is lighted up by a warm and kindly glow. His kindness of heart becomes apparent and all around are impressed by his princely dignity. A natural and fascinating dignity which is peculiar to those who are or were accustomed to reign and to be the recipients of ovations. My description, however, would be incomplete were I not to mention a kindliness of expression which might almost be called gracious but for the unpleasantly servile meaning which attaches to this term. It may best be compared with the well-bred self-possession and benevolence which are characteristic of certain venerable cardinals.

Big Chief is a thorough gentleman. I have seen him in every sort and kind of situation. At dinners with complete strangers, on journeys, at mass meetings, when surrounded by awestruck children, and at solemn receptions. He invariably maintains the same dignified, calm and patient attitude. He never asks for anything at meals or indeed anywhere else, but waits till what he needs is brought him. I willingly admit that he shows a certain ingenuous sort of slyness on these occasions which is apparently innate in children of Nature.

It is only upon very rare occasions, such as the commission of an act of tactlessness or the discussion

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of subjects which are distasteful to him, that his haughty anger is aroused. I once remember a tipsy and uneducated man shouting out that all coloured races, Indians, Hindoos, and niggers were equal. All at once this bowed and aged man seemed to assume gigantic proportions, his countenance became distorted with fury as though he was on the war-path and about to scalp his adversary. He looked like an angry Mars, and I would not have given much for the life of the tactless Pale-face if he had met the Chief face to face on the prairie and not in an hotel restaurant.

When Big Chief is invited anywhere, upon ceremonial occasions, he appears in a suit of brown deerskin trimmed with bells, the coat of which is adorned with wonderful embroidery, wearing innumerable multicoloured chains round his neck, wrought-silver bangles on his wrists, rings set with semi-precious stones on his hands, and on his head the imposing feather ornaments which are sewn on to a red band of flannel and hang right down his back. At home he wears blue, bell-betrimmed trousers and a jacket made of white pearl-embroidered buckskin. Even indoors he always wears a grey cowboy wideawake or in summer a sombrero, unless he happens to be arrayed in his feather adornment. His grey hair is plaited into two braids which hang down his shoulders, but is only visible when he changes his headgear.

He always goes about in the company of his white squaw, a friendly old American to whom he has

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been married for twenty-five years. She is his second wife. His first wife, a pure Red Indian, bore him eighteen children, ten sons and eight daughters, who themselves have a large number of children and grandchildren. Several of his grandchildren—in accordance with the spirit of the times—have become barristers and bankers.

Doubts have often been expressed to me as to his age ; and very naturally so in view of the unusual briskness and vigour he displays. It was thought that the Indians calculated upon a different basis to ourselves. It is true that they have their own figures and signs. As, however, they reckon time by summers, their calculation as to his age should coincide with ours. The date of the birth of Big Chief can furthermore be determined by certain historical occurrences and facts which are well known in America. There are two circumstances in particular which enable us to fix the date of his birth with approximate accuracy. It is well known over there that Buffalo Bill, who subsequently became so famous in Europe, owed his life at the age of three to our Chief in 1849 when a convoy of immigrants to which he belonged was attacked by the Mormons. White Eagle must even then have been a full-grown warrior as he was already married and brought up Buffalo Bill with his children. We must assume then that he was at least twenty years old at the time. By this reckoning he must have been born in 1829 *at the latest*. The difference of years is not so enormous as to render his birth in 1822 incredible.

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The other circumstance which inferentially confirms the truth of his statement is as follows. In 1928 there died in New York at the age of ninety-eight a very well-known man named Ezra Meekes. Meekes made an expedition with a small band of emigrants to the West in the fifties, and reached a territory which had never hitherto seen a white settler, and was inhabited only by roaming Indians. It is now the State of Oregon. He there met the Chief. As he behaved in a friendly manner to the Indians and presented them with some cattle, they helped him to cross this as yet unexplored country and to demarcate its boundaries. It was Ezra Meekes, therefore, who really founded the State of Oregon, with the help of our Indian friend, who even then was a great chief. The two men met again in New York shortly before Meekes's death, and the old trapper subsequently accompanied the Chief on his lecture tours throughout the States. Ezra Meekes was photographed with Big Chief in memory of the pioneer work accomplished by them together seventy years previously. It is quite certain that when they first met in Oregon the Chief was considerably older than Meekes. The latter died at the age of ninety-eight and was consequently born in 1830. This enables us to fix the birth of the Indian as having occurred in the early twenties of the nineteenth century. Here we have at any rate two pieces of circumstantial evidence, both of which point to Big Chief having been born in 1822.

My first object in collaborating with him was to

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bring his mind back to his early youth in order to obtain an authentic description of life in those days. He rapidly grasped my object and thenceforward proceeded methodically with his story without the need of any spur from myself. His memory is astonishing and as regards dates, almost infallible. I have tested his statements as far as I could, and they have nearly always proved accurate.

He speaks good English without any American accent, but it requires long practice to understand him. Frequently when I failed to catch a word he would take paper and pencil and write it in clumsy but clear and sharply defined characters, repeating each letter as he wrote it. At other times he would draw an animal or a plant to illustrate his meaning.

I was struck by the fact that when he was handed a pencil he would never take it directly but request that it should be laid upon the table ; then only would he take it up. In reply to my question he explained to me that one must never directly hand anything pointed, as to do so would mean the beginning of enmity.

Sometimes in the course of a discussion with him as to the effect of certain medicinal herbs or when I was trying to obtain a more comprehensive grasp of the ceremonies of the medicine men, or the talk was of hidden treasures or of the burial-grounds of the great chiefs, our conversation would assume a mysterious turn. I am convinced that Big Chief to this day knows of unexplored territories where gold, silver and oil are to be found. He only once gave

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me an explanation which is significant of his mental attitude and confirmed my conjecture : He said :

“ We Indians will never tell the Pale-faces again where the treasures of the earth lie hidden—were we to do so they would find an excuse to remove us from those parts and would enrich themselves with our assistance. We, however, should get nothing. The agents of the Indian Bureau might probably get something in return for their permission to cheat us. That is all that would come of it.”

We shall meet again this Indian Bureau, which he detests so cordially.

The old Indian must possess in a very considerable degree the rare faculty of being able to tell when walking over land whether gold or silver or oil lie beneath it. His wife asserts that he was subjected to several tests and stood them most successfully. In any case he is convinced that he possesses this faculty, for he made merry more than once upon the subject of the Pale-faces who set to work with all kinds of machinery, calculations and instruments, and nevertheless could not find the right places which he could have shown them unaided.

His ideas as to Freemasonry are remarkable. He is in possession of certain mysterious secrets which render him uncommunicative in this respect. He says that the Indians have been Freemasons for hundreds of years. Once, moreover, he turned to me and asked me in seemingly more gentle and cautious tones than usual :

“ Do you think that the first Pale-faces could

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have landed on our coasts if they had not exchanged cabalistic signs with our people? We were so many—and they so few!”

I was unable to ascertain from Big Chief whether his idea of a prehistoric Freemasonry is founded upon Indian tradition or whether the Indians acquired this knowledge from contact with the whites and in some instances became Masons subsequently.

Another rare faculty is his ability to read the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs. This affords additional evidence as to the truth of the theory that Africa and America were once connected and that a certain amount of knowledge had been preserved by the Indian people throughout the intervening period. The name of Atlantis, that fabulous Empire with its apparently highly developed civilization which lies submerged between the two continents, will occur to every one.

Communication may also have taken place by way of Asia. Modern research is inclined to assume that the Indian race migrated from Asia to America before the quaternary period, a theory that is based upon the obvious Mongolian characteristics of the Indian race. The Behring Straits constantly recur in the recollections of the Chief when we can get him to tell us of the traditions of his ancestors as to their origin.

It is quite possible, however, that he is only recalling the memories of his youth in the course of which he travelled several times with his father through Alaska to the shores of these Straits.

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The object of this book, however, is not to solve scientific problems. Science itself often avails so little to lift the veil in which such secrets are shrouded.

I will confine myself to pointing out the mysterious character of so much that is associated with this Indian prince and his people. We must not let our curiosity run away with us, but accept these mysteries for what they are worth. They are peculiarly fascinating at a time like the present when rationalism and technical progress are rapidly stripping the world of its divinities and ruthlessly suppressing the last vestiges of romance.

Before asking the old Chief to begin his story, I should like to call attention to a curious ceremony which he always performs with the utmost solemnity. I refer to the ceremony of the creation of a chief, which, he asserts, he alone can legitimately perform. The wife of such a chief is created a "princess," which being interpreted simply means "wife of the honorary chief."

He gladly bestows these honorary titles upon the men and women he meets who have distinguished themselves in one sphere or another, such as the transoceanic aviators, the Prince of Wales, Lloyd George, President Cosgrave and various American mayors, etc. The accompanying ceremony is of a most touching character by reason of the artlessness and solemn ritual by which it is attended. The Chief appears in full dress with his feathers on his head and a carved staff in his hand, to one end of

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which some long black hair is attached taken from ancient scalps. He greets the candidate with a short address and confers upon him an Indian name. The old "Queen" then reads out the patent of appointment at his request. This is a many-coloured parchment, adorned with all kinds of hieroglyphs, each of which has its peculiar significance. Among them are to be found the prehistoric Sun token of the Indians that can be seen in the temples of the Aztecs and with which we have become familiar in Germany as the Swastika. The drawings are executed in similar fashion to those which adorn the walls of ancient Indian rock caves. Two undulating lines, for instance, represent the river of life, a canoe the ship of life of the newly created chief. It is drawn sailing towards a wigwam—in other words, towards prosperity and love. A small painted disk with pointers to North, South, East and West, represents the "Great Council."

Now I will let Big Chief take up the story. I have faithfully written down what he has told me and have tried to reproduce his ingenuous and racy style. He himself laid great stress upon accuracy. Much was painted by him in big but awkward characters, and he often spent half a night-time composing a few short lines.

And yet, after all, they are really only the fragmentary recollections of an incredibly long life rather than an autobiography. There is much that remains hidden and shrouded in obscurity.

My object was to capture the rare melody of his

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life and to make known what the Chief could still recall of the history of the brown race in its prosperity and adversity. I will terminate with the ancient Indian formula by which every speech and conversation is begun and ended. How-Ko-La.

EDGAR V. SCHMIDT-PAULI.

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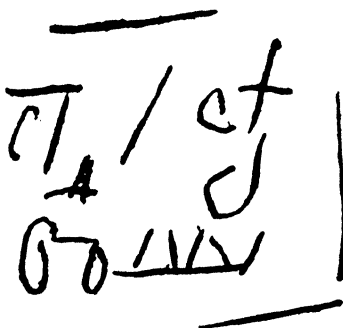


CHAPTER I

LIFE IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST

WHEN the red sun of the Great Manitoo on the first day of the year 1822 rose over the vast and wonderful wilderness of North America, which then was still the hunting ground of the Indians and undisturbed by the tread of the white man, the medicine man of the Osage tribe stood in front of a rocky cliff and carved curious hieroglyphs in the stone. He then filled in the characters with paint.

The characters looked like this :



and signified : My son was born on the first of January, 1822.

It was my father, the great chief of the Osage Indians, who directed his medicine man to perpetuate this fact in stone for the benefit of the descendants of his tribe, and it was at Look-Out Mountain that

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the event took place. I happened therefore to be born at almost exactly the same spot where Buffalo Bill lies buried.

Whenever the son of a great chief was born, the date was carved by the medicine man in the rock. That was the custom when our tribes hunted over the huge territory which is now called Colorado, Kansas, Dakota, Missouri and Texas. The year was carved in secret characters according to our reckoning. If we count backwards from to-day the year will turn out to have been 1822. My eyes have therefore seen one hundred and seven summers. My father saw one hundred and forty-seven summers and my mother one hundred and thirty-seven.

The mountains of Colorado were the home of my race. There were rock caves there which we sometimes inhabited. This was not often the case, however, as we were in the main a migrant tribe which followed the game on its wanderings in search of food. We were often compelled also by lack of water to change our camping ground. Thus it was that my tribe travelled through a great part of North America, for our hunting territory was very extensive. We returned but seldom to our hiding-places in the mountains, which were guarded by the old men and women whom we left behind.

Part of our tribe lived elsewhere, on the prairies and not in the mountains.

It must not be imagined that that portion of our tribe which ranged the mountain-sides always remained concentrated. In those days, indeed, we

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were many thousands strong. We often separated when game and water were scarce. Occasionally our warriors would absent themselves for many weeks together from the camp that had been formed by a section of our people, in order to supply it with meat for the winter.

My father, also, often used to make long expeditions on horseback accompanied by a number of chosen warriors and their wives and children in order to visit other tribes. He also rode to New York at regular intervals to greet the white President, as you will be told later on. My father, you must know, was a great and wise chief and was looked upon by all the Indians as their leader and adviser.

In later times I, too, as his son and recognized leader of the young chiefs, used to ride up and down the country with a number of sons of the chiefs of various tribes practising hunting, track-reading and the arts of war.

My earliest recollections are naturally associated with camp life. We lived in tents called wigwams. Some of them were very large and roomy, especially those of the chiefs. In the middle was a great pole with thin rods which converged towards the top and were tied together by thongs of buffalo hide. They were very easily struck and pitched again. This was the women's work.

We children were carried in woven baskets, or in winter, in fur-lined bags. We were borne in an upright position, but the weight was taken off our

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feet by means of a strap which was passed under our arms. The mother carried this basket on her shoulders when walking or riding, she and the child being back to back. That is a very healthy position for children as it makes their legs strong and vigorous. It is thus that I was carried by my mother, and in my infancy travelled on horseback over a great part of the United States—indeed, as my mother told me later, from Colorado to the sea. I played and slept in this upright cradle until I could stand. When I left the basket I was able to walk at once, so my mother told me.

My mother was very lovely. She had eyes like a gazelle. My father was tall and tremendously powerful. He was kind to us children, but very strict as well. He accustomed us from an early age to endure hardships. We were never allowed to cry, and from our earliest childhood had to keep silent when he spoke. This discipline and self-control is a peculiar characteristic of Indian upbringing. Indian children as a rule cry very little, a habit that is probably due to the great dangers by which the roving tribes are constantly threatened. At other times we were allowed to give free rein to our spirits and began at a very early age to imitate the war-whoop of our elders. In fact, our games may be said to have been simply one long imitation of our great warriors.

When the children were about eight months old their mothers used to take them into the water and, holding them with one arm flat on the surface, let

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them kick about. If a child began to strike and kick out vigorously in the water it was a sign of good health, but if it remained passive, it was not counted to be up to much and the mother felt it very keenly. We were expected to swim at the age of four, for swimming was just as important from our point of view as shooting, riding or hunting.

My first recollections begin when I was seven years old, for I remember us youngsters being taught by the older warriors to hunt birds of prey and other animals. Our children, even at that early age could cut their own bows and arrows in the woods and bring down smaller birds with accuracy. Archery practice especially began very early. To begin with we shot with small bows and arrows at tree-trunks, into the bark of which small stones had been wedged so as to make a target. There was great rivalry among us youngsters, and we practised with the utmost keenness.

As we had no iron in those days all our arrow-heads were made of ground flint ; they were very sharp and flew great distances. We tied birds' feathers on to the lower end of the arrows, to which they were fastened with very fine gut. With these arrows we used to kill buffaloes on the prairies and large fish in the rivers. We used to catch fish, too, with ivory hooks which were made out of the tusks of the wild boar or of walrus teeth.

Snow looms very large in my earliest recollections. I don't remember frost so much, for we became very hardy, from running about naked the greater part

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of the year and sleeping outside the tents, in the grass or upon buffalo hides. We used to wear furs and skins in winter. The babies, as I have said, were carried in fur-lined bags instead of baskets. But I remember a blizzard which was so terrible that we were unable to pitch our tents and had to let ourselves be snowed up like the bears. I remember, too, our small horses often being caught in the drifts and the trouble we had in digging them out.

In winter, too, our food supplies were often a matter of difficulty, and we used occasionally to have to go hungry till we encountered a herd of buffaloes and could satisfy our needs.

The summer, however, was lovely, as we had everything that we wanted and we lived in paradise.

You must bear in mind, my white brothers and sisters, that nearly the whole of North America belonged to us Indians a hundred years ago. We had everything we needed. When we were in want of food we shot game and deer, or the big buffaloes which thundered over the prairies in gigantic herds thousands strong, or the earth yielded her increase in the shape of the corn we sowed, roots, berries, wild grapes, the honey of the wild bees and sugar syrup from the trees. The wild animals, too, supplied us with our clothes. We men usually wore nothing but a belt. Sometimes when the weather was cold or when riding, we wore leggings that were fastened by leather thongs to our girdles. Every warrior, moreover, had his blanket that was made of leather and subsequently of wool, when

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we discovered how to use it. The women wore leathern dresses fringed with tassels, which they made themselves. Their costume above the waist consisted generally of a loose leather wrap that was embroidered in many colours. The gold, silver and copper which we found in the rocks and rivers were only used for purposes of adornment. Certain stones, which I will tell you about later on, served as money, but we only used it to purchase our wives. We thus passed a happy and undisturbed existence in those vast natural spaces, hunting, fishing, and dancing when we had special cause for rejoicing. The wild beasts were practically our only enemies. Most of us had never yet seen a white man but had only been told about him by our elders who had ridden to the far-distant coast or southwards into Mexico.

I should like to state most emphatically that the numerous stories of sanguinary encounters between the Indians, at the beginning of the nineteenth century at any rate, are either inventions or exaggerations. I admit that there were some particularly warlike tribes who used to make horse-stealing expeditions. When we were robbed we naturally had to follow up the thieves and take their scalps. A thief must die. That was the inexorable law of the prairie. The Pale-faces are in the habit of rewarding their thieves by shutting them up and feeding them. That is rather unpractical and would have been impossible for us, anyhow, for we had no prisons and could not make slaves of our prisoners.

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A pure-bred Indian cannot be enslaved—he would die.

But it wasn't so very bad after all. We led on the whole a peaceful and happy existence, as children of nature until the Pale-faces arrived. Then a change took place. They ruined us with fire-water and made bad blood between us. That, however, had not as yet taken place. Life in our country during my childhood was a free and pleasant one.

CHAPTER II

CAMP LIFE

WE used to pitch our camp in the following manner. The tents were set up in a huge circle, each family being assigned its own tent and fireplace. If a chief possessed several squaws, each of them had a tent for herself and her children : this was done to prevent squabbles. At night a great bonfire was made in the centre and watch-fires were lighted at regular intervals all round the camp. Our tribe in those days, including warriors, women and children, was very often as much as twenty-five thousand strong. The ring of tents accordingly covered a large area and the number of bonfires increased correspondingly. I have known them exceed a thousand in number. These watch-fires, unlike the fires in or near the tents which were used for cooking purposes, were only lighted at night as a protection against wild beasts.

Of the latter the panthers, the bears and the mountain lions were the most dangerous. Of tigers there were none. The lions resembled their African prototypes in colour only, as they had no manes and very long bodies. They often measured sixteen feet from tip to tail. To-day they are almost extinct. Except for the panther, which is a very cunning

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and treacherous creature, none of these animals as a rule would attack us in the daytime and even the panther only attacked women. Sometimes they would sneak behind the latter for miles when they went out hunting or down to the river to get water, and lie in wait for them and attack them. At night every kind of animal was dangerous.

We had a lot of ancient and effective ways of protecting ourselves from snakes. We plaited a great ring of the tail hair of buffaloes and laid it round the camp. If the snakes crawled over this hair they died, as contact with it was fatal to them. We often used to find hundreds of dead snakes in the morning on the threshold of the camp. Another way of keeping snakes at a distance was for the Indian youngsters to hunt them in the woods. This they did by seizing them by their tails and dashing their heads against trees or stones. They then burnt the snakes and strewed their ashes round the camp. When the snakes came at night they promptly turned tail as the smell of the ashes was intolerable to them. In the daytime we did not bother much about them as they, too, very seldom attacked us and then only when at bay. We carried special roots in leather pouches on our belts as an antidote to snake-bites. If a snake bit us, we bit off a piece of this root and swallowed it. The remainder we rubbed into the wound and the effect of the bite was neutralized.

Every great warrior in my tribe used to have his own tent. Except in winter, however, we slept in

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the open air. These tents were from twelve to fifteen feet high with pointed roofs, and covered a circular area of ground of from twenty to thirty feet in diameter. The buffalo hides of which they were made were tanned a light colour and were ornamented with paintings. Various apertures were made in the upper part of the tent which were closed by other hides according to the direction of the wind, so as to enable the smoke to find an exit when the fires were lighted in winter.

As soon as the tents had been pitched the horses were sent out to graze on the prairies, their forelegs having been previously hobbled to prevent them straying too far. Sentries were posted with orders to keep an eye on them and patrol the approaches to the camp and were relieved every four hours. It was the duty of the subordinate chief to post the various guards and to make arrangements for their relief.

The horses usually found abundant provender as the grass in places was as coarse and nourishing as corn. We caught our horses on the prairie over which they roamed wild in thousands and trained them ourselves. They were our only means of progression as we had no wagons. In place of the latter we used a kind of litter to transport our tents, the hempen baskets which contained our food, and the rest of the baggage as well as the old women and children. We felled saplings and fashioned them into poles which were then made fast to the horses' sides with leather straps so as to allow of

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the upper and thinner ends dragging along the ground like shafts. The latter were bound together with willow twigs and made a wheel-less baggage wagon.

When we were not upon the war-path nor engaged on a hunting expedition our cattle accompanied us as well as the horses. The former consisted chiefly of buffalo cows which had been caught young and tamed, and also of mountain sheep which produced, however, no wool and looked like goats. They, too, had been captured and tamed. Our chief diet was raw meat and milk. When we remained stationary for some time we used to sow corn as our forefathers had done for ten thousand years. The corn we used was the real Indian corn which once grew wild and had been transplanted by us. It is like maize and in its wild state is small and less appetizing. Transplanting improves it and causes it to increase in size. We cultivated as many as seven different kinds. When it grew ripe we shook it into earthen jars, poured water on it and let it stand for two days and nights. These earthen jars, which had been with us since time immemorial, were made of clay or sandstone.

When the corn had stood for forty-eight hours it was taken out of the jars and ground between two oblong stones. The ground husks were left in the flour as they were considered especially wholesome and nourishing (whole-meal bread !). The flour was then mixed with butter and milk and kneaded into dough and baked in the oven. Our ovens were

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made of stones beneath which we lit a fire just as the peasants do nowadays.

We also grew wild tomatoes, onions and potatoes. A great deal of wild rice was consumed, especially by the children, who ate it mixed with ground maize and finely pounded meat. Otherwise we men usually ate our vegetables and our meat raw. Our women, however, never ate their meat raw but roasted. They also roasted their potatoes and corn, or boiled their vegetables in fireproof jars of stone.

We never ate our fish raw. We usually only kept the bigger ones, which were spitted on wooden forks and fried over the fire.

We obtained our sugar by boring holes in sugar trees into which we stuck a hollow pipe from which the sap dripped, otherwise we used honey, which we took in large quantities from the wild bees.

On festive occasions we drank a wine made of wild cherries, apples and plums. We used to lay up a great store of provisions for the winter when hunting was difficult. The flesh of the buffaloes we killed was either cut into strips and hung up to dry in the sun or smoked and preserved in baskets till it was wanted.

This sort of work was done by the women, who also ploughed the fields. We men did nothing but hunt, fish and fight. The squaw was there to do the work of the household.

A chief generally had several squaws, but the rank and file one only. A man who took a squaw into

his tent had to buy her with horses and money. We never bought anything else.

Our money consisted of tiny stones that were made of a specially coloured and very finely grained rock and carved and polished in a peculiar manner. Small polished oyster shells and bright stones from the river-beds, some of which were very curious were also used as money. The stones were pierced in the middle and slung on threads of gut. I still have in my money-box some small red and blue stones which you will never come across nowadays. Twenty-five pieces of money and from five to ten horses were the price of an ordinary wife. Her price depended otherwise upon the circumstances of her family.

If a man was badly off he obtained his wife by working for her, that is to say he sowed corn for her parents, hunted and fished on their account and went on working till he had paid her full price. He was then allowed to take her into his tent.

When I married I paid for my squaw—in later times even the chiefs only had one wife—a hundred horses and a big string of money, besides a good many head of woodpeckers. I should explain that the coloured head-feathers of the latter are used by the women for purposes of adornment.

The men were busy all day long. We only had two meals, morning and evening. The evenings round the camp fires were jolly, particularly for us children, as it was then that the men sat and smoked and told one another stories of the gallant deeds

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performed by their fathers and forefathers. I loved especially to listen to my father when he told us the ancient legends and taught us from his experience how to conduct ourselves when hunting or on the war-path. The talk turned naturally a good deal on the Pale-faces, and our traditions went back to the time when they landed from overseas. I remember that there was much talk of the arrival on the East Coast of a great ship called the *Mayflower*. Many members of our tribe at that time—I am speaking about the year 1830 or so—had not ever seen a white man. All we knew was that “Spaniards” had settled in California and in the South and that Pale-faces lived all along the East Coast who had come from huge, far-off countries called France, England and Holland. We felt ourselves, however, to be masters of the whole country and were aware, moreover, that our forefathers and great chiefs had made treaties with the Pale-faces. Stories were told of fights with them, but we did not as yet look upon them as enemies and gave them help and a friendly reception subsequently when they entered the West in small parties.

Dancing often took place after supper, the men and women each dancing separately. Our dances were of a rhythmic character and took place to the accompaniment of drums and pipes and were expressive of joy and well-being. We had many dances suitable to various occasions, and some of them were associated with our great mysteries. I will tell you about them later. The dancing was often kept up

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very late—in fact, till one or two in the morning. There was a lot of smoking done by the fireside. Our Indian tobacco was made of the roots of wild plants and was smoked in carved pipes of pipestone, which has since become very rare, owing to the rocks in the mountains from which we used to get it in those days having been demolished by the Pale-faces. There is none of this stone left anyhow in our neighbourhood, and the whites will have a lot of trouble in finding any. I and some of my chiefs still know places where this stone can be got. That, however, is our secret.

CHAPTER III

ON THE MOVE

WHEN the tribe was on the move our warriors rode ahead and the women followed with the pack-horses and the cattle. Our women, too, were practised archers and killed a good deal of game for themselves. When the tribe on its travels encountered one or more other tribes the chiefs would hold a conference. They could not converse with one another as each tribe had its own language. They made themselves understood, however, by means of signs with which we were all well acquainted. We also had a written language which consisted of hieroglyphs with which every Indian is familiar. These hieroglyphs were painted on rocks or cut in the bark of biggish trees and were a valuable means of conveying important intelligence to our own people or to other tribes that were similarly on the move. We were able in this way to inform them as to our line of march and warn them in case of need or tell them what animals we had been hunting. We drew a canoe, for instance, if we wished to convey to them that we were going by river.

When we came to a river which had to be crossed or along which we wished to proceed for some distance, we built canoes—that is to say, small but

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long boats of bark and buffalo hide in which we stowed our baggage and provisions. We mostly swam alongside the canoes, which were only manned by a very small crew. The rowers each had but one paddle. If we happened to be wearing moccasins and leggings we generally kept them on in the water. The women, on the other hand, either tied them on their backs or threw them into the canoes. They, too, were expert swimmers and took on their backs such of the small children as did not go on board the canoes. They swam, under these circumstances, well out of the water so as to prevent the children getting wet. We swam in several different ways, either using the breast stroke as is the custom nowadays or paddling with our hands like dogs swimming. The cattle that accompanied us were likewise driven into the water and swam with the horses at the head or in the rear of the column.

The squaws struck and pitched our tents with great rapidity at the beginning or the end of the day's march. The tents when struck were tied together with leather straps and loaded upon the litter which, as I have said, was dragged along the ground behind the horses.

At intervals we used to return to our villages among the rocks where we remained as long as water and food were available. Some of the villages were very extensive and connected by subterranean passages.

When a drought set in the tribe resumed its

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wanderings. Some of the old folk and mothers with their children were left behind with a guard of warriors to protect them. The rain produced by our "rainmakers" was sufficient for the needs of this small number of human beings. I should tell you that some of our medicine men were able to produce rain from the clouds by means of prayers and ceremonies. Very often a young chief upon his marriage would go off, accompanied by his family and other young warriors and their wives and found a new village—for in those days our people were still increasing very rapidly.

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CHAPTER IV

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN CHILD

YOU would, of course, like to hear, my friends, how an Indian boy spent his time. The simplest answer I could give would be to say that from sunrise to sunset he lived with Nature. The latter was his best and most impressive teacher, and the dangers to which we were continually exposed incited us to learn quickly. It was Nature who familiarized us with the ways of so many animals. What, however, chiefly influenced us was our desire to rival the deeds of our great warriors and hunters. We set out on our tiny hunting expeditions just as our elders did upon their big ones.

The young Indian was in the habit of rising before sunrise from his pallet of buffalo hide among the tents, and going hunting or fishing. His great amusement was to lie in wait for hares or prairie fowl which are slightly bigger than the barn-door fowl and shoot them with arrows or trap them.

He built his traps in the following way. First of all, he bent a sapling until its top touched the ground, where it was held fast between two wooden stakes to which it was attached by a noose. When birds or small animals, such as hares, foxes, etc., tried to get the food that was strewn in rear of the

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noose, they had to insert their head in the noose. In doing so they disturbed a small crossbar of wood which kept the stakes in place and was tied to the tree-top. As soon as the cross-piece was removed the tree-top sprang into the air, carrying the horse-hair thong and the animal with it, which was thus left hanging from the tree.

We often caught fish by means of nooses. All this time we were studying the habits of the various animals and learning to read trails for ourselves.

Every young Indian is a born hunter, watchful, cautious and stealthy by nature. It became second nature to us to creep noiselessly in the wilderness with or without moccasins and we kept our eyes open instinctively. Every Indian can see in the dark. Special care was taken to train the sense of hearing of our young hunters. We could tell the different birds by the noise of their wings and the beasts of prey by the cracking of the twigs upon which they trod.

The Indian boy would return to camp with his booty at about nine a.m. Breakfast was then prepared and consisted of game or fish and bread, honey and goat's milk.

After breakfast the boys cut bows and arrows or galloped about on their ponies and amused themselves by running races headlong against one another. They also helped their mothers to tan hides.

As you might expect, we played endless games, particularly in the water. We swam against one

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another and built all kinds of wooden craft. We used, too, to practise diving against one another.

We had tremendous fun "bee hunting"—that is to say, robbing the wild bees of their honey, a proceeding that was not always devoid of danger, as one could be easily stung to death if attacked by large numbers of them. It was therefore all the more amusing to prepare our plans of attack. The best way of shaking off the infuriated insects when they pursued you was to dive into the river and keep under the surface.

Our favourite amusement was to tame wild animals. Some of us owned regular miniature zoos of rabbits, birds and fox cubs, deer calves and even young bears and wolves.

We were given instruction regularly in the intervals between our hunts and our games, particularly in reading the language of signs, which was explained to us by one of the older warriors or the medicine man. He would take us into the woods and show us the various plants and roots which were used to heal wounds, as antidotes to bites or as cures for illness.

We learnt to read and write in our own fashion, which consisted in painting coloured hieroglyphs on stones or tanned hides. Great importance was naturally given to instruction in shooting and riding. During the latter, of course, we rode bareback. A leather strap was fastened round the horse's jaws and passed through its mouth, as a substitute for reins, but we didn't make much use of it. In the

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main we directed our horses with our thighs and knees. Pressure of both knees was a signal to the horse to stop. I will tell you later on more about the training of the horses.

Besides all this we were taught to dance and were initiated by the medicine man into our many ceremonies. Our "lessons" were so exciting and interesting that time passed very quickly. In the evening, as I told you, we used to listen to the stories of our elders by the camp fire.

It occasionally happened when out hunting that we finished up too far away from home to be able to return to our camp fires. When this was the case we made our own fires in the woods. We had to find flint and tinder to light them with, a trick that required a good deal of practice.

When we boys were lying round a small fire amid the darkness, which was full of all kinds of curious noises, with the stars shining overhead more brightly than can be imagined in Europe, we fancied we were on the war-path like the heroes of tradition.

One of our particular amusements was to steal away in the evening beyond the watch-fires which surrounded the main camp and endeavour to approach the horses as they grazed, without being seen by the sentries. It was a rather dangerous game, however, for one night a sentry thought that horse thieves were about and roused the whole camp. We only narrowly escaped a shower of arrows, and as punishment were brought up before the great chief of the camp, who happened to be my father.

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We were punished by being made to help our mothers and sisters with the housekeeping for a whole week and being forbidden to speak after dark. Notwithstanding this incident, my father made a point of training me in night work in order to test my courage. For instance, when our camp was pitched at a strange place, he would make me go out scouting after dark or fetch water alone from watering-places some distance off. It was rather uncanny going through the wilderness by oneself, surrounded as one was by all kinds of real and imaginary dangers. Instinctively one sneaked along with catlike tread and listened with every faculty alert for the least suspicious sound.

How often subsequently, when scouting in earnest, have I recalled the nightly practices of my youth and been grateful to my father for the invaluable instruction he gave me.

CHAPTER V

MY FIRST RIDE TO NEW YORK

WHEN I was ten and a half my father allowed me to accompany him upon his journey eastwards to the great sea. He was the supreme chieftain of all the Indian tribes. Every five years he made a journey of inspection all over the country, in the course of which he visited every tribe and last of all the great chief of the Pale-faces at his place of residence which had been transferred to Washington. We started with about twenty chiefs of our tribe, our medicine man and some picked warriors who acted as scouts and path-finders. The chiefs were accompanied by their wiyes on horseback. Our ranks were swollen by chiefs from the various tribes which we visited, so that our party eventually consisted of some two hundred chiefs with a considerable following of warriors and squaws when we reached New York. It took us eighteen months to accomplish this ride of about eight thousand miles, so that I was twelve years old when we reached New York. We used each day to ride about one hundred miles, then rest for three hours and proceed for a further one hundred miles. We journeyed accordingly two hundred miles daily, exclusive of our stays with other tribes. Our horses

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ambled along at a gentle trot. Their motion was so comfortable and easy that one hardly noticed it. We never galloped except when fighting or hunting. Every warrior, not to mention the chiefs, usually possessed three horses, each of which he rode in turn. The spare horses trotted alongside of us.

In those days there were no railways in America. A few small trains with open carriages ran along the coast. When the Pale-faces travelled they used mail coaches to which four or six horses were harnessed.

Whenever we visited a tribe our approach was heralded well in advance by means of signals. We had a regular system of smoke signals that had taken us hundreds of years to evolve and was familiar to every Indian. This explains the mysterious rapidity with which news spread all over America long before the Pale-faces put up their wires.

If it was desired, for instance, to signal the approach of friends, buffalo hides were held between the flames so as to divide the smoke into two columns. In order to give warning against enemies, the flames were beaten to and fro so as to make the smoke ascend irregularly. A fire upon the mountain-side did not signify the same thing as one in the valley. Even the colour of the smoke conveyed a meaning and was altered by using dry or green wood.

Accordingly when we reached the tribe all the chiefs were assembled and my father was able to hold his conference on the spot. Our long ride of eight thousand miles which lasted eighteen months was really a great tour of inspection.

MY FIRST RIDE TO NEW YORK

Upon our arrival in New York we pitched our camp outside the town and remained there some months. New York in those days was quite a small place. The President of the United States had, however, already transferred his residence to Washington, and while we boys, the squaws, the warriors and some of the chiefs stayed in camp, my father and a band of selected chiefs rode to Washington to meet the President. That happened in 1834 when Jackson was President. As the second President of the United States, Adams, died in 1826, my life has overlapped those of every President of the United States with the exception of George Washington, who entered the Everlasting Hunting Grounds in 1799.

We took a year on our homeward journey, so that I was fourteen years old when we returned to the hunting grounds of the Osages.

CHAPTER VI

FROM WARRIOR TO CHIEFTAIN

ON my return I was created a warrior and between the age of fourteen and nineteen passed through the various stages as such. The young warriors were called Okas, the older ones Polas. The young son of a chieftain had to make good at every stage of promotion and perform some deed worthy of general admiration. Only sons of chiefs could become chiefs. If, however, they proved cowardly during their training for the chieftainship, they were degraded to the ranks and could never attain to the dignity of chief.

My father had eleven sons and eleven daughters. I was the only one, however, to become a chief, as it was not open to more than one member of a family of the same generation to do so.

I soon gathered round me the young sons of our chiefs as well as those belonging to other tribes who occasionally foregathered with us. We resembled in this particular my great German brethren, the sons of whose chiefs are educated in institutions which they call cadet schools. I sometimes had as many as six hundred warriors under my command. These young warriors were thoroughly trained in every respect and had the final touches, so to speak, given to their education.

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We often absented ourselves for considerable periods on our hunting expeditions, and brought back quantities of meat. There was great rejoicing upon our return and feasts were got up which sometimes lasted a week.

We chiefly practised riding and what would be called nowadays less strenuous athletics. I trained myself to run and was so successful that I was able to keep up with the wild mustangs of the prairies.

In this way I managed, even as a young warrior and before I became a chief, to capture a good many horses and was given my second name Ko-Sa-Mia, which means White Horse (I should tell you that Eagle is my first and real name and was given me by my mother at my baptism). It came about in the following manner :

There were still a great many herds of wild horses in existence in those days, as I have already told you. An encounter between our hunters and one of these herds was a wonderful sight. The leading horse would gallop ahead so as to give the direction to the others. This was always a particularly fine and powerful stallion with a long mane reaching to the ground and a tail from three to five feet long. He was often a white stallion, moreover, for in those days white horses were very common among the herds. Our method of hunting them was to gallop behind the wild horses and endeavour to cut them off from their leader. The moment that was done I jumped off my horse and followed the stallion on foot at top speed, uttering my war-

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cry Ay-ha-ha-ha as I ran. This caused the stallion to turn round instinctively and reduce his speed and enabled me to seize him by the tail. As I did so I sprang from the ground and was carried by the impetus of the galloping horse on to its back. A savage struggle then ensued. At first the horse stood as if rooted to the ground and then began to buck with all fours high into the air. I didn't mind that, for once on his back I could not be unseated even if he shot away like an arrow and then suddenly halted. Even when he rolled over and over as he sometimes did, I was quicker on my feet than he was and held him fast by his mane. After an hour of this fighting, during which naturally all one's muscles had been exerted to the utmost and the main object was to keep up one's courage and retain sufficient strength in one's thighs to hold the horse together, the latter was usually "broken in." Then and then only could I turn him with my knees in whatever direction I desired to go. He now galloped back under my control at full speed to the pack, which greeted its leader with loud neighs and at once proceeded to follow him. I then returned at the head of the herd to the camp, where the other horses were captured and broken in. I was allowed to choose the horses I liked best which then became my property. Except for our wives, our strings of money and our arms, they were our sole possessions, as the land we owned, the game, cattle and camping grounds belonged to the tribe.

I taught my horses to know me by rubbing their

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noses with my sweat. They soon followed me like dogs and lent themselves to all kinds of tricks. If they were at large on the prairie I had only to whistle and they would run up to me. A very useful trick on the war-path was for them to pretend to be dead. At a given sign the horse would lie down and remain motionless. They were also very fine jumpers and could easily clear very wide fissures in the rocks. This proves that Charles May's story of his black stallion "Rik" having cleared a ravine is not at all improbable. It was also essential for fighting purposes to train the horses to allow us to shoot from beneath them. This we did by twisting the mane round the toes of one foot and letting ourselves down the other side, so as to obtain a clear view under the horse's belly and shoot our arrows beneath it. We were thus protected from the enemy's arrows and could shoot at him from under cover.

Owing to the frequency with which I returned to the camp with white stallions that I had run down and trained in the way I have told you, I was given the name of "White Horse."

We often used to lasso wild horses as we did the buffaloes. It was our custom likewise when hunting buffaloes to cut off the animal we wanted to capture from the rest of the herd and then lasso it. It was very necessary to be on the watch, and one's mount had to be strong enough to resist the terrific pull of the buffalo, otherwise the horse and his rider would go hurtling through the air.

It was a magnificent and imposing sight to see a

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wild herd of buffaloes on the gallop. The noise they made was like thunder and the dust raised was so thick that you could hardly see your hand.

Sometimes when I was feeling more self-confident than usual I used to play the following joke. I would ride a very well-trained horse close up to the buffaloes. I ought to explain that they galloped so close to one another as to leave scarcely any interval between them. While galloping alongside I would suddenly jump off my horse on to the back of the nearest buffalo, then on to a second and third, and finally return in the same way to my horse which had continued at full gallop, keeping an eye the while upon my movements and signals. One had to be very careful not to slip off the buffaloes. That would have meant certain death, as the herd would inevitably have trampled one underfoot.

By these practices and tricks I gained distinction and prepared myself for the dignity of chieftainship.

I must tell you of another long ride I undertook with my father about this time, right through Alaska to the Straits of Behring. As we went along my father told me an ancient legend of a great and mighty tribe that had come through these northern straits from a snowy and ice-cold land and had then gone across America in a southerly direction. I know now that great and learned chiefs among my white brethren assert that a beautiful and fertile country, which at one time connected America and Africa, was submerged subsequently in the Atlantic Ocean. I know, too, that other learned men believe

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that our people came from Asia. I cannot of course decide which view is the correct one. I only know that I can read the Egyptian hieroglyphs because they are like ours, and what my father told me. Perhaps the ancient legend is correct and our people really came from the great continent of Asia and were connected there, in some way, tens of thousands of years ago with the tribes which migrated to Northern Africa and were afterwards called Egyptians.

CHAPTER VII

THE THREE ORDEALS

I WILL now tell you of something which was of very great importance and played a great part in our lives but which is now a thing of the past, as it is incompatible with modern conditions. I mean the three great and difficult ordeals that we had to undergo before being created chiefs. When you have read this you will understand the reason why chiefs are no longer appointed. How can young warriors prove nowadays that they deserve the title of chief if the ordeals cannot be carried out ?

Moreover, the war hatchet has been buried and we no longer need warriors in the old sense. What we require are real men and great leaders to educate our people in a new way, to render them peacefully disposed and train them to work in a manner that will enable them to keep pace with the Pale-faces.

In those days, however, we needed warriors and great chiefs who possessed enormous self-control and could bear pain without so much as the twitch of an eyelid.

They were therefore subjected to the following three ordeals : first came the ordeal of muscular endurance. Our arms were pierced underneath the muscles with flint knives and a thin lasso was drawn

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through the wound thus made. The ends of the lasso were then made fast by an old warrior to a high bough. As long as we stood upright the lasso hung loosely down from the tree ; we were, however, made to go backwards till the lasso became taut and then slowly lean back till our backs and the back of our heads touched the ground, the arms being held in the meantime close to the body. The distortion of the muscles from their natural position during the process was so terribly painful that even the optical nerves and the muscles of the feet were affected. The muscles of the hand became so drawn that the fist when clenched could not be opened and the strain was felt throughout the whole of the muscular system. It was a point of honour to preserve our equanimity in spite of the terrible pain. Anyone who uttered a sound, let alone fainted, forfeited any claim to being a chief. He was sent to the women, who mocked him and hit him on the back with hickory sticks, and his chance of becoming a chief was lost. This test was carried out under very severe conditions, far severer indeed than those imposed by the Blackfeet Indians, who only put the leather straps through the flesh of the breast.

It must not, however, be imagined that the wounds inflicted in the course of this ordeal were dangerous. Once the latter was over, the wounds were quickly healed by the application of healing herbs. Our medicine men pounded all sorts of roots, seeds and bark together in a stone mortar, poured the saps and

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juices of trees and plants over it and then turned the whole mixture into a pot and set it to boil. The ointment thus made was smeared on the wounds. The pain ceased in a very short time and the wounds healed in a few days without leaving any scars to speak of.

The second ordeal was called the ordeal by fire. When sand is heated from above it becomes hot on the surface but remains cool below. With clay it is just the opposite. The latter absorbs the heat and retains it a very long time. Trenches therefore were dug in clayey ground which were three feet wide, two feet deep and forty-three feet long: these were filled with hickory chips which were set alight. The fire burned for three days and nights, at the end of which period the clay in which the trenches had been dug was almost as hot as live coal. The test for young candidates for the chieftainship was to run along the trench with bare feet. They had to run very swiftly in order to avoid burning their feet and becoming life-long cripples. By running very fast, however, with very long strides, they hardly touched the red-hot ground and were quickly cured of their pains by means of the ointment which, moreover, entirely prevented the formation of blisters.

The third ordeal was called the Eagle ordeal and was combined with a strict retreat which was spent in complete isolation in the mountains and lasted three weeks. The ordeal consisted of seizing an eagle and pulling out its tail-feathers, and entailed

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very extensive preparations. Eagles usually only eat meat twice a month, and accordingly only leave their holes in the rocks to hunt for young game, cattle and even young children on two days during that period. They are most expert at catching fish and uncannily quick in their movements when doing so, spying the fish in the water from a great height and darting down to the surface with the rapidity of lightning.

The wise old chiefs knew exactly when the eagles were about to come out in search of meat. Three weeks beforehand, about one hundred young sons of chiefs would go up into the mountains and dig observation posts on the ground which concealed them completely. These holes were entirely covered with branches so as to render the hunters invisible from above. A young mountain sheep was tethered by one leg just outside the hole in such a fashion that it could jump about and yet not stray from the observation post.

We trained the little sheep during our three weeks in the mountains not to remain still, but to jump backwards and forwards and bleat, so as to attract the eagles when the time came for the latter to go out hunting. We were forbidden all this time to speak to one another, and were made to live on bread and water. Every evening our sisters came up from the camp and led away the little sheep to feed them in the valley and brought them back again to us the next morning before sunrise. When the eagles were expected, the young warriors hid

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themselves in their holes at daybreak and impatiently awaited the flight of the birds.

You can imagine our excitement, an excitement that had been fostered by the fasting and concentration of the previous weeks. I crouched down in my observation post where the beating of my heart seemed to drown everything else. I could see from afar the majestic flight of the eagles as they came nearer with outstretched necks. Will any of them fall into the trap, and which of the chiefs' sons will be lucky enough to induce an eagle to swoop down upon his sheep? By this time we could hear the beating of their powerful wings. A huge golden eagle was bearing down upon me. You must remember that these birds are of colossal size, and that a blow of their wings means instant death. Suddenly the royal eagle checked its flight and swooped down like a flash upon the bleating sheep tied up beside me. That gave me my opportunity. With a mighty bound I jumped from my hole and seized the eagle by the right leg above the claws. The bird, though taken by surprise, was so strong that it pulled me clean out of the hole and tried to carry me away. I thereupon used a dodge that had been taught me and twisted his foot so violently that the pain made him close his wings and remain on the ground. Meanwhile, with my free hand I had to loose the sheep as quickly as possible, which thereupon fled bleating down the valley. I had got hold of the eagle with my left hand and began to pluck him with the other. In order to do so I

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slipped down again into the hole so as to get below the eagle ; otherwise it was impossible to get at his tail-feathers. I must have tugged rather violently and have pulled out his flesh in doing so, as he suddenly began to strike with his other claw at my left hand which was holding him, and to peck at it with his beak. In doing so he inflicted upon me such a deep wound that even now—eighty-eight years later—the scar is still visible. I dared not let go of him, however—as otherwise I should never have become a chief—but with a desperate effort, twisted his foot still further till the pain became so great that he gave up fighting and remained still. Thus I got his tail-feathers which have been my badge of chieftainship ever since.

Then only did I let him go. He at once rose in the air, thankful to escape from his short and unexpected captivity.

Beyond the brief pain inflicted by the plucking no harm is done to these birds. They are not allowed to be killed, as the Indians regard them as sacred. They may only be killed in self-defence if they attack you or try to carry away a small child. This was an incident which occurred not infrequently in our mountains, and I have known mothers kill or drive off an eagle with their arrows in order to save their child.

Eagles that have lost their tail-feathers in this fashion look, when flying, like ships in the water that have lost their rudders. They can no longer maintain their direction, are driven this way and

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that by the wind and can only get back to their rocky eyries by continually tacking. In six or eight weeks their tail-feathers have grown again.

I should like at this point to tell you some interesting features about the life of these eagles that we have observed and been familiar with since time immemorial. As previously mentioned, they usually live on fish and only go out hunting for meat twice in a month. The female only lays two eggs a year from which she hatches either two males or a male and female, but never two females. The eggs take six months to hatch. During the first half of this period the female sits on the eggs and the male during the other half, the bird so occupied being always supplied by its mate with fish and meat. Just before hatching, the eggs are hidden for three weeks under leaves in the eyrie so as to render the chickens inside them healthy. Their breeding grounds are always situated among the rocks facing south and the crowns of the eggs, which have yellowy-blue and green markings, are turned towards the sun in order to improve the sight of the young birds.

Soon after they emerge from the eggs the old birds take them out in their claws and teach them to fly by letting them drop and catching them again. They always start out in search of meat shortly before the full moon. So much for the eagles.

When the eagle ordeal, which was the last of the three ordeals, had been successfully undergone, the young warrior was accounted worthy of the chieftainship and led back in triumph to the camp. A

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great feast then took place to which the neighbouring tribes, so far as they were accessible, were invited by means of smoke signals or by special messengers.

My entry into the camp, with blood streaming from my left hand and the long shiny eagle feathers in my right, was certainly the proudest moment of my life. My father then created me a chief in the presence of many venerable chiefs of other tribes and amid thousands of warriors and women.

Thus it was at the age of nineteen I attained this coveted honour, which carried with it a vote on the council. That was only the beginning of things, as I still had to illustrate my name as chief by warlike deeds.

I will interrupt the story of my life at this point and give you a short account of the habits and customs of my people and of the peculiarities of its various tribes before coming to the next stage of its downward path.

CHAPTER VIII

OUR CEREMONIES: FROM BAPTISM TO BURIAL

THE supreme chief was the head of the tribe. Under him were the subordinate chiefs who again had first and second lieutenants under them, as in the armies of to-day. There were, you see, chiefs of different grades right down to the ordinary warrior. No one could become a chief unless he belonged to a chief's family, an ordinary warrior could never do so. Chiefs were nominated by the council, but were required—independently of the three ordeals to which I have already referred—to have previously performed deeds of distinction as befitted those who were to acquire the dignity of chieftain.

We were organized like a republic with a president as head of the state. But it was what my white brethren would call a Doge republic, and was organized upon a military basis.

I have said that each tribe usually had its tribal village or main settlement. Ours lay high up in the mountains. Our tribe, moreover, although it ranged far and wide upon its hunting expeditions, had what may be called its own territory, which was determined by an unwritten agreement. The West was so big, however, that an enormous area

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of land was still unoccupied. Any tribe could settle in this region and declare its ownership of the land it so occupied. The declaration took place at a conference between the chiefs of the tribe that desired to settle and those of the neighbouring tribes and was effected by means of a proclamation by the former that they had taken possession of a given territory. This was called claiming. The whites acted in similar fashion subsequently when searching for gold and silver and would place stakes in the ground when they reached unoccupied territory and report to the Government that they had taken possession of the ground, which thereupon registered the claim.

If a strange tribe entered territory that already belonged to another, it had to ask leave of the latter to settle within it.

All these were very ancient habits and customs which possessed the force of unwritten law. I can assure you, moreover, that these laws were violated much less frequently than those laws of the Pale-faces which are printed in their great books.

Should an insolent or predatory tribe occasionally happen to disregard the conventions, a fight would take place, the neighbouring tribes combining with the tribe whose rights had been outraged to drive out the intruders.

The question of the ownership of the land was regulated by the tribes upon communistic principles. The property of the individual, as I have related elsewhere, consisted exclusively of horses, arms and

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money. Where the money originally came from—I am referring to the small polished stones or bits of mother-of-pearl with a hole in the middle which I have already described—I cannot say. My father once told me that many, many years ago expeditions had been made to the mountains where the rarest stones were to be found, and that much money had been distributed by the medicine men among the various families. There was a regular treasury of this money, that was kept strung upon gut, which was administered by chiefs appointed for the purpose. The safes were made of basket work and each family had its own basket. The strings of stones were subdivided at intervals by stones of a particular value and colour, so as to distinguish the property of one family from another. The most important stones were red, blue, green, yellow, lilac and white. These stones were most commonly in use and were all of them naturally coloured. Thus, the strings of one family were identified by red stones, of another by blue, and those of others by stones of various colours arranged in a particular sequence. This money was never used except to purchase wives.

The marriage ceremonies varied with the different tribes, but the custom of buying wives was common to them all.

The marriage of a great chief was a great festival and was attended by deputations from all the neighbouring tribes who were informed of the event and invited by means of smoke signals or messengers, the signal fires being lighted by the medicine men.

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Prior to the ceremony and in the presence of the chiefs of the tribe and of its neighbours the money was paid over by the bridegroom to the parents of the bride. The horses that were to be handed over in payment were formed up in line, and the other presents set out in front of them.

When I married, the ceremony was conducted by my father who, by virtue of his supreme chieftainship, was also our medicine man. He raised his hand to the Great Spirit and implored his blessing upon me and my bride. I opened my "blanket" into which my bride crept. The medicine man then laid his hands upon my bride's brow and upon my own, thus signifying that we were married. The ceremony was followed by festivities which lasted three weeks to the accompaniment of much feasting, singing and dancing.

The blanket which I mentioned just now accompanies a chief everywhere. That was one of our secret rules. In war-time it was worn round the hips; but at ordinary times, at meetings with other chiefs, for instance, it was rolled round the arm. We had other blankets, too, for ceremonial observances and daily use.

The young maidens were kept apart before marriage. Their education was a very sensible one. As young children they would look on while their mother did the housework and thus acquired without the smallest difficulty a knowledge of the tasks they would subsequently have to perform in their own household. When the mother went to fetch water

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she allowed her little girl to carry water in a water-tight bag made out of the stomach or the heart of some animal. She would teach her how to make moccasins, pitch the tent, prepare food and so on. The young girls often used to have their own tent inside the larger one, which they were made to keep tidy and to which they could invite their small girl friends, just as you do in your nurseries, my little white girl friends, the only difference being, of course, that our young girls knew a great deal more about the natural habits of wild animals because they had grown up with the latter and had observed their habits since their earliest childhood, just as the boys had done.

Like the boys, too, they were taught to swim, shoot and ride when still very small. For although war was carried on by the men, and the women and children were there to do the housework and till the fields, the latter often had occasion to use bows and arrows, either to protect their children or small sisters from wild animals or to help the men in war-time, especially in the event of surprise. It was of the utmost importance, too, for them to be able to keep themselves in game during the extensive and protracted wanderings of the tribes when the warriors had gone far ahead.

The Indian girl, unlike the boys, never went naked. Her dress was made of buckskin. Long and big thorns in which tiny holes were bored were used instead of needles, and the smaller intestines of birds and beasts in place of thread. These

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dressess reached nearly to the ankles and were neatly embroidered with glass beads and adorned with fringes and with all kinds of coloured ornaments, such as the scalps of hoopoes, or were painted in bright colours that were made from the juices of roots. Their breast and shoulders were usually covered with a white shawl of soft leather.

Although our Indian girls were brought up amid natural surroundings and the dangers inseparable from riding, swimming and shooting which such a nomadic life as ours entailed, their feelings of reserve and modesty with regard to the male sex were very highly developed. Even in their childhood they came but rarely into contact with the boys, and lived their own life and carried out their sports quite apart from the men. The boys and girls danced apart and never together.

The boys treated them with great respect and were never allowed, for instance, to accompany the girls into the woods in the evening unattended by their mothers. Our standard of what the Pale-faces call morality was a very high one and the natural result of our system of education.

In our tribe, at any rate, the girls took the initiative in making proposals. Our young chiefs and sons of chiefs considered it beneath their dignity to ask for the hand of a girl. The latter would ask the man of her choice if he would take her to wife. If the man agreed he would open his blanket and the girl would creep beneath it. He would then fold it over her to show that he wished to have her for his wife.

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This custom, it is true, was only observed amongst the families of chiefs. With the ordinary warriors courting was a much simpler matter, and the man could ask the girl if she was willing to become his wife.

The customs observed by the families of chiefs differed very much from those which prevailed among the ordinary warriors. Much that was permissible to the latter was prohibited to the former. Everything was regulated on the principle that life made greater demands upon the chiefs, and that it was the duty of the latter to set a good example to the ordinary warriors. This principle was observed in our ceremonies and in the definition of property. A chief, for instance, could only possess what he had acquired by his own strength and endurance, such as horses and cattle, or made with his own hands, such as his arrows, bow, tomahawk and tent. Everything else, such as the game brought home from hunting expeditions, was shared with the warriors. There is no case on record of an ordinary warrior going hungry while the chief had plenty to eat. To this extent we may be said to have been organized on a communistic basis. It was a higher form of communism, however, that was founded upon a severe disciplinary system which preserved us from thinking that everyone was equal. That is nonsense, as the Great Manitoo has differentiated everything in Nature. Our social system was based rather upon the principle of aristocracy.

Baptism and burial, like marriage, were occasions

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of great ceremony. These various ceremonies which took place to the accompaniment of special and particular dances are of very ancient origin, and go back even further than the Christianity of my white friends. I shall devote a chapter to a special description of them.

The baptismal ceremony was very beautiful and a great event in the history of the tribe, when the child of a chief was the object of it.

Three or four months after birth and as soon as the child could see properly it would be taken by its mother, in the presence of the whole tribe, into the water, where she would immerse it, dry it, and hand it to its father. The name received by the child after its baptism in the water would depend upon the first animal seen by the mother or the incident to which her attention was attracted immediately after lifting the child out of the water. My mother, for instance, happened to see a great eagle flying overhead as she handed me to my father, and I was accordingly called Eagle. Later on, one was usually given a second name when created chief, which was generally chosen by one's proposer. This second name was connected with some special incident or deed on the part of the young chief. I accordingly was given the name of "White Horse," on account of my skill in running down the wild mustangs on the prairie, as previously described to you.

After baptism, the wives of chiefs used not to look at the earth but above and beyond it to the skies. This is why the names of birds and big animals,

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as opposed to those of the smaller animals which crawl upon the ground, occur more frequently in chiefs' families than in the case of families of ordinary warriors. The wives of the latter, I should tell you, were not allowed to look upwards, but had to call their children after that which crept and grew upon the ground.

The baptismal ceremony was accompanied throughout by prayers and rites, which were conducted by the medicine man.

Our funerals are surrounded by great mysteries about which I am not allowed to tell you anything. We cannot, for instance, tell you where our great chiefs are buried. I can only tell you in a general way how such a funeral was carried out. For nowadays our ceremonies, even under the most favourable circumstances, have to be very much curtailed, as present-day conditions no longer allow of their being performed in the traditional manner. But in those days when we owned America and were free men, the burial of a chieftain was not only a very impressive but a very fine and dignified function, which was accompanied by many ceremonies and was of a very protracted nature.

The body of the chief who had departed for the Everlasting Hunting Grounds was embalmed and then interred in an erect position, arrayed in full war dress with all his weapons, in a tomb in the rocks. The wives and children of a chief were also buried in tombs in the rocks.

Ordinary warriors were also buried upright, in

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tombs that were dug in the ground, however, and not cut out of the rock. Sometimes a favourite horse was also buried with a very great chief. Food for the spirit of the chief was placed at the foot of the body, as we were taught by our great mysteries that the soul departs for the Everlasting Hunting Grounds, but that the spirit roams about the surrounding atmosphere and returns to the body when hungry.

We believe—and I would beg my white brothers to bear in mind that we have believed all that I am telling you since time immemorial, for thousands of years indeed, long before the missionaries came to us, who pretended to know everything better than we did—we believe, I repeat, that one day the soul will return from the Everlasting Hunting Grounds to the same body, which has been purified during its rest in the earth or in the rocks, and rise together with it.

We do not believe in purgatory or hell in the Christian sense of the word. If our soul has done ill, it will suffer as soon as it is separated from the body by the realization of its vileness and the vision of better things.

Reformation gradually takes place till the soul is finally purged and is allowed to enter the Everlasting Hunting Grounds.

The soul of the child is given to its mother by the Great Spirit who made the earth, first the sun and air and then the earth and water. The earth seen from the stars is like the latter seen from the earth. The great sun goes round the earth. Were the earth

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to move we should fall off it. The Great Manitoo rules over both good and evil spirits. If one is attacked by evil spirits, the medicine men tell us, the good ones must be invoked. The good spirits can control the evil spirits, as they are the stronger and more potent.

The Indians all worship the Great Manitoo, although the ceremonies and the idea of worship vary with the different tribes. Many of them adore the sun; others the eagle or the prairie wolf; others again, the earth, fire, water or wind. We do not, however, worship inanimate objects.

We have seven heavens, each of which is ruled over by its prince. Prince of the lowest heaven is the wind. Then come fire, water, light, darkness and air. The highest heaven is inhabited by the Great Spirit, His Son and the Holy Ghost, the three divinities being united in the Great Manitoo.

It was the Great Manitoo who created us. First He made the man called Adam, who ruled over the earth. Two thousand years later He created the woman called Eve out of a rib of the man's body.

We had neither altars, priests, nor coffins. Our medicine men were priests only, to the extent that they generally conducted our ceremonies. Our great chiefs were often medicine men as well, whereas the latter had to be of chiefly descent. An ordinary Indian could never become a medicine man. The number of medicine men varied in proportion to the strength of the tribe, ours having about fifteen.

According to one of our traditions, which has been

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handed down from one generation to another, our race, too, had its priests and tabernacles in the very early stages of its history, about ten thousand years ago.

While I was still a youngster, my tribe came across some sun worshippers who were migrating from Old Mexico to California. Although this happened about eighty years ago, I can still quite clearly remember these sun worshippers having great altars and priests, and sacrificing young maidens to the Sun.

We ourselves never made human sacrifices, and those who assert that we once were cannibals are telling an accursed lie.

The chief duty of our medicine men was to conduct our ceremonies, and above all the dances which I am presently coming to. Before setting out to fight, the medicine man painted our faces, arms and the upper part of our bodies red and decorated them with various other very beautiful gaudy designs. He was in possession, too, of a great many secret remedies which he concocted from the bodies of animals and plants. He distilled drinks from the sap of trees and from wild roots and plants for the use of the sick, and prepared ointments which were applied to the affected parts of the body. We had acquired a great deal of knowledge in this respect, and were often able to be of assistance to the Pale-faces when the latter were at a loss what to do. We were particularly skilful in healing wounds. We knew of healing ointments which relieved pain quickly and almost invariably prevented blood poisoning.

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It was the duty of our medicine men to record the birth of the sons of chiefs, either by painting inscriptions on the rocks, or in the case of those tribes which inhabited the plains, by engraving them in the bark of trees. The latter were sometimes so huge that the space made by the excavation of the trunk was big enough for fifty couples to dance in or for us to march through. It was in trees of this kind that our medicine men engraved the names and the birthdays of our chiefs' sons.

They used likewise to paint our family coats-of-arms for us, our totems which played so great and mysterious a part in our lives. The coat-of-arms was set up on a long pole in front of our tent. Some of our family coats-of-arms were of very ancient origin. The older families were indicated by animals. If a family, for instance, had a coat-of-arms of bears, its descendants all belonged to the family of bears. That had nothing to do with the name which the sons of chiefs were given by their mothers at baptism. A member of the family of bears for instance, might well be called Wild Buffalo and afterwards be given the nickname of Rolling Thunder.

I myself belong to the race of eagles, and the fact that I was christened an eagle as well is merely a coincidence.

Ordinary warriors could also possess coats-of-arms, but the latter were neither so ancient nor so beautifully painted as the totems of the chiefs that were affixed to poles in front of their tents.

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I should like at this point to say something about the important subject of dancing. We were acquainted with a great many different kinds of dances which were taught us as part of our education. Chief among them were the following :

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| The war dance . . . | on the eve of battle. |
| The hunting dance . . | before starting on a war-like expedition. |
| The peace dance . . | after a fight. |
| The white buffalo dance | a hunting dance which took place prior to a hunting expedition. |
| The butterfly dance . | a prayer to the rainbow for rain. |
| The turtle dance . . | a prayer for fine weather. |
| The dog dance . . . | to bless the elements. |
| The great buffalo dance | a dance for chiefs only. |
| The game dance . . | prayer for the increase of the stock of game. |
| The chase dance . . | a prayer for good sport. |
| The sun dance . . . | in adoration of the sun. |
| The flute dance . . . | a prayer for clouds to bring rain. |
| The corn dance . . . | a dance of thanksgiving. |
| The evergreen dance . | likewise a dance of thanksgiving for green fodder for our cattle. |

We had in addition various allegorical dances, for instance :

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- The tablita dance . . . a very fine Indian dance
in which the medicine
men took part in full
dress.
- The basket dance . . . in which baskets were
carried containing water
as a sign of gratitude
to God for water.
- The bow and arrow
dance a dance of joy.
- The spear dance . . . expressive of the fight be-
tween two lovers for a
girl: and finally
- The jokers' dance . . . a comic dance for children.

Every one of these dances was so arranged that our chiefs danced apart from the rest. Sometimes they would dance in the warriors' circle, but never so as to mix promiscuously with the young warriors. These various dances, both from the point of view of expression and movement, were of great artistic beauty.

The sight at night in the great wilderness of thousands of our warriors and chiefs performing their dances by the camp fires was a very marvellous one, and the motions of those dark, sinewy and supple forms with their adornment of feathers and their long hair as they gracefully leapt to and fro, keeping time the while to the drums and pipes, was indeed a thing of beauty and a pleasure to us all to witness.

CHAPTER IX

VARIOUS TRIBES

The Pueblos

ON the banks of the Rio Grande, a few miles south-east of the town now called San Domingo in New Mexico, there lived the tribe of Pueblo Indians known as the Cochitis. They were once a very powerful tribe and were a factor of the utmost importance in the uprising of the Indians against the Spaniards in the seventeenth century. Nowadays a remnant of perhaps three hundred occupy a reservation covering about twenty-four thousand acres of land. They were a very fine and picturesque tribe, the survivors of which even to-day are magnificent specimens of manhood who, instead of living in a state of poverty and nakedness, are able to shift for themselves and have never asked for help from Washington. They practised agriculture long before the discovery of the New World, and utilized rivers and streams for the irrigation of their little fields. The Pueblos were a warlike tribe, too, but never used their battle-axes unless they were attacked.

When the Spaniards explored the country north of Mexico they brought sheep and goats with them.

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It was by this means that the Pueblos acquired their sheep and became famous for their flocks and herds as well as for their skill in agriculture.

They learnt to weave woollen blankets long before their neighbours, the Navahos, acquired the art of doing so. The latter, however, nowadays are renowned for their marvellously woven shawls and blankets. The Pueblos, moreover, were much more civilized than the northern tribes of pure-bred Indians.

They lived in villages which were administered autonomously, each community electing its Governor and his advisory council.

Laguna was a typical village of this kind which existed long before the English colonists had organized anything approaching a regular government on the East Coast. It was constructed in terraces so as to allow of the roofs of the lower houses serving as courtyards for the ones above them. The rooms in these houses were originally very small and were only provided with modern improvements in the shape of doors and window shutters at a much later date. The construction of these houses was a very difficult matter as the beams had to be brought thither by hand. Beasts of burden were unknown to the Pueblos till the arrival of the Spaniards. Sandstone and lava blocks were used by them, as well as beams, as building material. These villages were often rectangular in shape, but were not, generally speaking, laid out on any definite plan. As soon as the Pueblos became acquainted

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through the Spaniards with the use of wheels, they began to build their own wagons. The wheels of their "Caretas" were generally cut out of a round tree trunk and used as cut, thus entirely obviating the use of nails. The inhabitants of Laguna were also at one time the best potters in the world.

After their encounter with the Spaniards, the Pueblos formed a large number of settlements round Santa Fé in New Mexico. All these villages were called after saints and even now the inhabitants of each one of these settlements worship the patron saint whose name they have adopted. This custom is apparently of Christian origin, but is probably due to a cult of symbolism which goes back hundreds of years, long before the first Spaniard was seen there. These missions are particularly beautiful and prosperous. Santa Clara, which is twenty-five miles distant from Santa Fé, is built upon a cliff overlooking the Rio Grande and was known in old days as "the village where the roses grow by the water," a name which testifies to the love of poetry which is latent in the Indians. The pottery of the women of Santa Clara is very well known and is made of a mixture of clay and very fine sand which they have always used, and which renders the pottery unbreakable. This pottery is coloured red during the baking process, and the black colour derived from the thick smoke which is produced by covering fire with ashes. The pottery has to undergo the baking process three times before it attains the desired colour.

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The women of Santa Clara used to wear woollen dresses reaching to their knees, as well as several cotton shirts underneath. They also used to wear long woollen shawls round their waists and soft doe or sheep-skins round their calves to which moccasins of the same material were attached. They possessed more extensive privileges than those of any other Indian tribe at the present day. The mothers had a very important position, and used to control the entire household. They could even return their husbands to their parents if they did not meet with their approval.

They occupied themselves solely with house-keeping and easy work in the fields. In the performance of their heavy household duties they were assisted by the warriors, who collected fuel, made the moccasins, wove blankets and helped with the sewing and embroidery.

Although the Pueblos were first heard of as far back as 1540, they still inhabit the same houses and still use the same system of cultivation and irrigation. Their tribes, unlike any others, possess two different religions, two entirely separate codes of laws by which they are governed, as well as two languages and names.

The Taos

One branch of the Pueblos are called Taos. The name of Pueblo, which is derived from Spanish and signifies "village," is probably attributable to the fact that many of these small tribes were inhabit-

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ing villages when the Spaniards first came across them.

When the Spaniards advanced northwards in 1540 from Mexico, they discovered this tribe which had settled on both sides of the river Tao. The Taos have always been good farmers and skilful hunters. In old days they used to tame the wild turkeys and keep huge flocks of them on the prairies just as they keep herds of goats and sheep at the present day.

A very rare feature of this tribe was their habit of catching eagles in traps and keeping them in captivity with a view to using their tail-feathers as an ornament to be worn with a special dress on solemn occasions, a custom which they still maintain.

The Taos were particularly clever at hunting antelopes, bears and mountain lions, which they killed with bow and arrow. They also used to go on regular hunting expeditions after the buffaloes, whose flesh they smoked for use in winter. They were also familiar with the practice of driving ground game—a method of hunting that was not employed by the more northern tribes.

The warriors and boys would surround a large tract of hunting country and gradually drive the ground game towards the centre where it was dispatched with arrows, sticks or boomerangs. The latter is a flat piece of curved wood that is hurled in such a fashion as to return to the thrower.

The Taos, however, never ate fish, as they believed that the souls of bad women took up their abode

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in fishes' bodies after death. Certain categories of chiefs and the medicine men of this tribe were also forbidden to eat the flesh of particular animals, a rule which is observed to this day.

Their dwellings are erected side by side and are of very peculiar construction, being sometimes four or five stories high and made of clay or thin planks. Their chief settlement used to be the most thickly populated village in the country. I should say that in my youth the population, including women and children, must have amounted to about fifteen thousand persons ; in 1540, therefore, that is to say four centuries earlier, it must have been very much larger, for at that time it was a very large and prosperous settlement.

This village which is called Pueblo lies fifty-eight miles north-west of Sante Fé, and is now only inhabited by about five hundred persons. The decline of the population is due to the wars that they have waged for centuries against the Pale-faces and the northern tribes of Indians.

The men used to wear their hair long and hanging down on one side. In summer time they lived away in the fields in small, one-roomed clay huts, but returned to Pueblo after harvest. The old houses dating from the Spanish era are still inhabited, and traces of the old walls of defence by which the village was enclosed are still visible.

The young girls of this tribe were educated to undertake responsibility from a very early age. They had to look after their small brothers and sisters

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long before the little daughters of the Pale-faces had learnt to dress themselves. Their male contemporaries, however, were left to their games.

The Indian youngster, generally speaking, leads a very easy and pleasant existence. He is merely required implicitly to obey his parents, whom he regards with the greatest reverence, and they in return treat him with the greatest affection. Punishment is very rarely inflicted, and corporal punishment practically never. The boys, on the other hand, are occasionally beaten with rods on certain ceremonial occasions. One of these ceremonies called Powamu, at which the young Tao boys are admitted to what is called the order of Katcina, is of a mystical and solemn nature.

The Navahos

When the European Pale-faces first encountered the Indians in the south-west of North America, the latter were still weaving their blankets and other garments in their old traditional fashion. They cultivated, cleaned, spun and dyed the cotton of which these blankets were made. It is therefore untrue to say that their blankets were made of wool, which was unknown in that part of the country, at any rate before the arrival of the Spaniards. Mountain sheep, of course, existed, but they were only sheep in name, and their coats resembled those of goats: moreover, up to that time they had not been domesticated. It was not until the Spaniards introduced sheep from Europe that the local

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Indians became acquainted with wool. They there-upon set to work to domesticate the mountain sheep and obtained a special kind of wool by crossing the latter with the European breed.

It has been said that the Navahos were taught to weave on looms by the Pueblos. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that at the present time the former are very superior to the latter, both as regards the quality of their work and the artistic excellence of their designs. The Navahos have been least amenable to European influences, and for this reason surpass every other tribe in the art of weaving.

It must be remembered that the weaving is only done by the women. It is very rare for a male Navaho to weave. It was usually the women who selected the uprights and bars for the looms. They tended and sheared the sheep which supplied the wool, washed and spun the wool, and prepared the various shades of dyes for which the Indians are so famous. The Navaho women composed the designs for the blankets, wove them and gradually evolved a scheme for selling their handiwork. The weaving appliances which they still use closely resemble those of the ancient Egyptians. Small teeth are fitted to the bars to separate the threads.

Until the female members of the Pueblo tribes married, I imagine, into the tribe of the Navahos and brought the art of weaving with them, the latter used to wear skins and plaited garments of ox-hide and reeds, whereas nowadays their name is

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inseparably associated with the blankets which are an example to the whole world of the perfection to which home industry can be brought.

There is an Indian building in Albuquerque which contains the finest existing collection of Indian blankets, including a number of " Bayettas " of such marvellous softness, colour and artistic design that they compare favourably with antique oriental carpets.

The name Bayetta is derived from the Bayetta cloth that was originally manufactured in Barcelona and imported by the Spaniards into America. This cloth was subsequently made in English factories for purposes of barter with the Indians.

The old Navaho Bayettas are articles which also deserve the name of antiques.

They were provided with a slit in the middle through which the wearer could pass his head. Blankets of this sort are called Ponchos.

The blankets belonging to the chiefs are another kind of Bayetta. They are handed down from one generation to another and are generally very old. They are decorated inside with wonderful paintings.

The so-called Acoma marriage garment that is worn by the Pueblos differs in various respects from Navaho work. The edging, instead of being woven, is worked in relief in a flowered design made of coloured wool, the emblems being clouds and rain. The background is black and is made of specially selected wool.

The best modern Navaho blankets are mainly

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dyed grey, a colour which the Indians obtain by mixing white with black. Only a very few colours are used and their composition is kept a secret.

Many of the Navahos were skilled silver-, copper- and blacksmiths, which arts they are frequently alleged to have acquired from the Spaniards. That, however, is not the case. They wove their blankets and made the silver ornaments they wore long before the arrival of the Spaniards. It is of course true that at the time of the Spanish conquests the Mexican tribes were very far advanced in the art of forging metal, and it is quite possible that it was from them that the Navahos acquired their skill.

Basket weaving was a rare art with them and was only carried on by the descendants of the girls of the Ute and Paiute tribes who had been captured on the war-path.

Owing to the pastoral nature of their occupation, which compelled them to be constantly on the move in search of fresh grazing grounds for their herds, they had no fixed place of abode, unlike the tribes already mentioned, but made the wilderness their home.

Another obstacle in the way of their permanent settlement was their traditional belief that a habitation must be destroyed in which a death has taken place. They occasionally avoided the destruction of one of their temporary abodes by carrying out the dying person into the open air.

Their huts are of a very comical shape and are

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made of three tree trunks and boughs which are tied together with blankets and covered with grass and soil, with an opening in the roof through which the smoke escapes. They only inhabit these huts in the winter, as in the summer they sleep on the ground among their stock. In spite of all these disadvantages, they are one of the few Indian tribes that have increased in numbers. Whereas fifty years ago they were only about seven thousand strong, their number had increased by 1890 to seventeen thousand, and to-day, including the half-castes, there are over thirty thousand of them. This increase is perhaps due to the fact that they are by no means wanting in business capacity. They have always been very keen barterers ever since I have known them, and they have even been known to exchange their women for horses. The produce of their looms, like the work of their silver-smiths, has always been eagerly sought for by other tribes.

In the old days the Shoshonis used to come from the country which is now Wyoming and Idaho and exchange their fine suits of soft buckskin for the blankets and silver ornaments of the Navahos, and even to-day small mounted parties of the latter make expeditions for the purpose of selling their wares to the dealers of the Pale-faces.

These qualities of business capacity and cunning distinguish them very advantageously from certain other Indian tribes who sold their land for a handful of tobacco or beans.

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I have yet to tell you about a very wonderful accomplishment of theirs for which they are famous, that can be traced back to the very beginnings of Indian art. This art is a combination of music, poetry, drama and dancing, and has been brought to its present high standard by this shepherd folk. I am alluding to the sand paintings of their medicine men, which have a religious significance in addition to the other features I have already mentioned. Every ceremony in connection with this sand painting has a distinct and mysterious purpose.

The object of some of these ceremonies is to cure the sick, avert evil or procure special blessings. The paintings are executed in the following manner. A large space in the medicine man's house is covered with white sand. Various portions of this white surface are then very carefully and accurately strewn with particoloured sand, a task which requires a considerable amount of help as it has to be completed before sunset, when it is effaced. The painting of the sand is executed by the medicine man and his assistants to the accompaniment of dancing and hymns.

These sacred paintings, all of which have a symbolical meaning, have been the secret of the medicine men for many centuries, who have handed them down from one generation to another. The designs and the manner of their execution are not recorded anywhere, but are carried out by the priests from memory and have been handed down through countless generations.

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The Hopis

The Hopi Indians are a particularly interesting tribe. The architecture of their houses, to begin with, is very peculiar. Access to them can only be obtained by climbing up a ladder to the first floor, which consists of a huge store room and an open platform, where the women weave their baskets, the children play their games and the men bask in the sun. In the store room the Hopis keep their water-supply for the winter in huge wooden troughs or specially prepared skins, as well as pineapples, water-melons and great quantities of other fruits as well, for they have always been very successful as fruit growers. From the first storey another ladder leads to the second, where the living-room is usually situated. The floor is made of beaten clay and is kept very clean and the walls are painted in various colours. The cooking vessels, which are made of fireclay, are kept in niches in the wall, on which are hung their clothes, their children's toys and other household implements. The sleeping-apartment is situated on the top storey, to which access is gained by a third ladder.

This style of architecture dates from the era of inter-tribal warfare and was rendered necessary by the exigencies of defence. These dwellings were generally constructed upon rocky and almost inaccessible plateaux and were built with their backs to the cliff.

It is the woman who builds and consequently owns the house. The man is only allowed to con-

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tinue a member of the household as long as he behaves himself. One lapse on his part, and his clothes are tied up in a bundle and placed outside as a sign to him to go off and not return.

The Hopis are a very well-built race. Even to-day their boys and girls are a pleasure to behold. I once photographed a Hopi mother with her two children. The attitude of the tiny youngster was so graceful, his physical appearance so beautiful, and so mystical his smile that he reminded me of a picture of St. John by one of the primitives.

Their "paper bread," which is also called Piki, is very well known. A dough made of melon seeds is spread upon the upper surface of a highly polished and flat stone, which has previously been made very hot. It is then covered with a thin layer of butter which is immediately absorbed by the hot dough. The thin paste thus formed is then removed from the stone and spread upon an adjacent mat, and then rolled up and kept for winter use: it tastes very good indeed.

The dwellings of the Hopis are situated miles away from woods or wells. Although the original object was a defensive one and entailed great hardships upon the inhabitants, they still live in these fortresses. The women consequently have to carry the water in jugs on their heads from the springs in the valley up to the top of the steep cliffs.

Not only have the men very far to go to get firewood, but their herds of sheep and goats often have to go ten or twelve miles from their hill dwellings

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to get fodder. Their main settlement, called Tewa, is in the north-east of Arizona.

Their women wear blankets and leggings of deer-skin and the soles of their moccasins are made of the buffalo head-skin. They also frequently wear ear-rings made of thin pegs of wood, and ornamented with mosaics.

The Hopi girls marry when about fifteen or sixteen years old. They age very quickly and are inclined to grow fat. When the young girl reaches marriageable age she announces the fact by changing her coiffure. The proud mother takes her daughter by the hand and arranges her hair in big locks on either side of the head, so as to resemble pumpkin blossoms, a flower which is considered by the Hopis to be a symbol of purity. After marriage, the hair is no longer worn curled but is parted in the middle and hangs in two plaits down the back. They have straight and well-bred noses, high cheekbones and reddish skins, and their hair is exceptionally black and thick.

The Hopis are a peaceful folk. Their very name signifies "peace." Theft was very infrequent, and murder unknown among them. Crime, in fact, occurred so rarely that they had no punishments with the exception of one for witchcraft.

They carry on their weaving and dyeing very industriously and act in a way as tailors for other tribes. The clothes thus made are exchanged for food. The dark blanket worn by the Hopi women is an important article of commerce with the Indian

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women of the south-west. They also carry on a pottery industry in one of their villages.

They are distinguished from all the other Indians by the dramatic character of their dances and ceremonies. They make masks, for instance, with constantly varying expressions and carve and dress dolls and other figures representing birds and animals, all of which are used in their games and ceremonies.

There is a small village called Teya with about two hundred inhabitants which even now is very rarely visited by the Pale-faces. I only mention the fact because a woman named Nampeyo lives there with her family. Every one who has studied Indian ceramics is familiar with the name of Nampeyo, as she is the leading representative of this branch of Indian art at the present time. I would even go so far as to say that the beautiful vases made by this woman in many colours are the best things from the artistic point of view that have been produced in this part of Indian territory.

The Indian potter does not make use of measurements or models ; everything is made from memory and shaped by hand. Sticks and brushes made of yucca leaves are their only accessories.

Some of the clay and the earth used by them, on the other hand, is very difficult to procure and their methods of doing so are as complicated as their instruments are primitive. The Indian will often go many miles in search of a certain kind of clay which will take the right colour during the baking process. The colours themselves are made of pul-

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verized stone mixed with water. There are very few Indian tribes who carry symbolism so far as the Hopis, and most of their decorative drawings, therefore, have a mysterious symbolical meaning. The pottery they make is of a very varied nature and extends from spoons, dishes and water-containers to the most artistically made vases ; no two pieces, however, are ever alike.

The song of the Hopis in the Kiva

Although the Hopis had always been a very pious tribe, the idea of the world being ruled by a Great Spirit was entirely foreign to them until the Spaniards came into the country. They worshipped the powers of Nature, the God Sky and Mother Earth, whom they looked upon as the father and mother respectively of mankind. According to their mythology, however, the human race was not created, but emerged from the Grand Canyon. Whereas the Pueblo tribes have adopted the doctrines of the missionaries to a certain extent, the Hopis have remained faithful, up to the present day, to their primitive beliefs and rites. Their religious ceremonies, in which rain and the growth of plants play a principal part, are held now as formerly in a subterranean chamber called the Kiva, which women are debarred from entering unless they are bringing food to those taking part in the ceremonies.

Their principal prayers are addressed to the rain gods. The latter are very essential to the Hopis, as all their rites and prayers to their gods in the

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clouds are based upon their constant need for water. It is a very interesting fact that the Hopis have always been very good flute players. It is a gift which is almost universal among the Indians. The various types of flute in use are innumerable.

Well, the Hopis have a peculiar flute ceremony of their own which is conducted by a so-called "flute society" and is connected with their prayers for rain. This ceremony takes place at the beginning of August, when the springs are dried up everywhere, in a chamber which forms part of the dwelling of a member of the flute society. In this room an altar is set up, upon which are placed the symbols of rain clouds and lightning.

The men sing their traditional sacred hymns and the priests then proceed to a far-distant spring, where lengthy ceremonies are again performed upon two altars erected for the purpose.

This is one of the rare cases where altars and priesthood have survived since the earliest times. On the afternoon of the ninth day, a great foot-race takes place. The men, stripped to the skin, start from a very far-distant point in the wilderness and run as fast as they can to the village. The winners are given consecrated vessels that have been used in the ceremonies, which they bury in their fields in the hope of reaping a good harvest.

In the meanwhile the priests repair slowly in procession to a certain spring not far from the village, where songs are again sung and impressive rites performed to the accompaniment of flutes.

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The whole company then returns at a slow march to the village, their arrival being the signal for the performance of other mysterious rites. The ceremonies terminate at the house of a member of the flute society.

The ceremonies that I have just described are not identical with those held in the Kiva which I have previously referred to. In the latter place sacred functions are performed in secret according to the practice of many centuries. The interior of one of these subterranean prayer chambers can be seen in the Grand Canyon. It contains an altar of the Powamu society and three statues. The first and largest represents the God of Fertility, the second the Thunder God, Ki-Ko, and the third and smallest is a small black statue of Pook-Ong, the God of War. The other three sides of the altar are occupied by stone seats for the use of the priests taking part in the ceremony. The floor is made of small flat blocks of undressed stone, which are only loosely joined together, the intervals between them being filled with pebbles. The walls are decorated with pictures of the principal symbols in use among the Indians, as well as with other emblematical drawings.

The Hopis also have their sand paintings, which are quite distinct, however, from those of the Navahos. The priest first of all strews brown sand on the ground and then sprinkles sand of various colours upon it. The pictures thus made have a more mosaic-like appearance than those of the Navahos.

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The Rattlesnake Dance

Most remarkable of all is the so-called Snake Dance of the Hopis, in the course of which the performers actually carry poisonous rattlesnakes in their mouths as well as in their hands.

Although you might infer from this that the civilization of the Hopis is at a very low level and almost amounts to barbarism, it is a fact that they are one of the most peaceable tribes in America as well as being very industrious and unusually moral. The snake dance is held annually in one of their villages, and is really nothing more or less than a prayer for rain.

During the four previous days rattlesnakes are collected. As soon as one is captured it is given consecrated food, and prayers are offered up to it. A kind of snake whip consisting of a stick and two buzzard feathers is then waved to and fro over its head till the snake coils up and prepares to strike, when it is seized by the neck and put into a deerskin bag. The snakes are then brought to the Kiva, where they are kept in snake baskets. On the ninth day they are bathed with consecrated water that has previously been blessed by the priests. The snakes, of course, try to escape from the water jars but are driven back by the little Hopi boys with their snake whips.

At sunset they are taken to a great clearing. The singing and dancing is carried out by seven priests arranged in a circle. It is begun by one priest, then

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taken up by five others and finally concluded by a single priest. Suddenly each of the seven takes a snake between his teeth, while the other priests, as they dance, divert the attention of the snakes with the feather snake whips. At the conclusion of the dance the snakes are carried to the foot of the mountain and are set free as the sun sets.

You would, of course, like to hear, my white friends, why it is that the priests—many of whom are no more than mere lads—are not bitten by the snakes. I can only tell you that the Hopi snake priests thoroughly understand the ways of rattlesnakes, and handle them in such a manner that the snakes are more inclined to run away than fight. They have also a root called Posh, which means "the nameless plant." The latter has a red flower which is visible at a great distance. The priests cultivate this plant, the juice of which renders them immune against any poison, and drink it before the snake dance begins. It is a wonderful plant and a splendid remedy against poison.

In spite of the undoubted fact that although the poison fangs are never extracted and nothing else is done to make the snakes harmless, the priests are very rarely bitten.

One cannot help admiring the Hopis when one considers the difficulties with which they have had to contend day by day for centuries in the wilderness. They were compelled to build their dwellings on rocky eminences in order to protect themselves from their enemies. Their fields, which were a long way

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off and only yielded scant crops owing to the poverty of the soil, had to be cultivated by irrigation, the water for which had to be transported thither from far-distant springs. They often, too, had to go several days' march to get fuel.

They used small donkeys to transport the wood that was packed in large bundles of cedar and pine and tied together with cord. I have often in the past halted my horse on the top of some hill and surveyed some lengthy procession of Hopi wood-gatherers as it climbed the heights. As soon as the sure-footed little donkeys reached the top, the wood would be unloaded by the women and children and piled up in the store-room for use in cold weather. Wood-gathering, indeed, is one of the main occupations of the Hopis between seedtime and harvest.

The Pimas

This tribe of Indians calls itself "The People." The name Pima means "no." They owe their name in all probability to a misunderstanding on the part of the missionaries many hundreds of years ago. They are a very ancient tribe, and are descended from the Aztecs. Like the latter, too, in the earlier part of their history they used to construct their villages of rubble, which proved a very strong and durable building material. Owing, however, to the systematic destruction of these dwellings by their easterly neighbours, and especially by the Apaches who never stopped waging war, the Pimas were compelled to build their huts of grass and clay in

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which some of them still live as they did four hundred years ago. They are superstitiously inclined, and are terrified if they hear an owl screeching at night as they believe these birds to be messengers sent to carry the soul of the departed to another world, and consider their cry to portend death.

The marriage-tie with them is a very loose one. The parties can separate if they so desire and marry again if they feel inclined. The women do all the heavy work with the exception of hunting, ploughing and sowing. When the family is on the march, the man rides and the woman follows on foot, often carrying her little child on her back, and dragging the corn which she herself has harvested. The corn itself is trodden out by the horses, and then collected by the women in their great baskets. Should, however, they go to market, the husband has no scruples in bartering the corn his wife has collected with her own hands for anything he personally requires.

The Pima women excel in weaving baskets. The latter were originally made quite plain, although the tendency towards ornamentation was already perceptible centuries ago when the ancient paintings in the Indian rock caves began to be used as models. This is the origin of human and animal figures, as well as leaves, being worked into the baskets. The Pimas and the Apaches originally wove the figures in series in geometrical fashion, but subsequently, the Apaches more particularly, used them in combination. The produce of the Pimas as regards

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material and colouring are almost exactly identical with those of the mountain Apaches. The Pimas use the fibre of the yucca tree for making baskets, and work it with the tools with which they make their ropes and cords. They generally begin upon the lower part of the basket and complete the bottom of the basket or receptacle first. The ground-work of the latter is generally yellow in colour and richly ornamented in black and white.

The Pimas who at the present time inhabit the valleys of the Gila and Salt rivers in Arizona, originally came from North-east Mexico and, as I have said, are descended from the Aztecs. The remains of the great irrigation works and fortifications constructed by them on those huge prairies, hundreds of years ago, are still visible.

The Supais

In a valley of marvellous colouring, in the middle of the Kal-El-Dos-Co-Tic, nowadays called the Grand Canyon, amid lovely and constantly changing hues of blue, gold and purple, there lives the small tribe of the Havasupais, generally known as the Supais. Their dwellings are made of branches and poles which are covered over with earth. Their deerskin work formerly brought them in a great deal of money, an art which became lost, however, when the Pale-faces began to manufacture clothes. The Supais were skilful agriculturists and fruit growers, and chiefly cultivated melons upon which they lived in summer. In winter-time the wild

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animals in the neighbouring mountains provided them with adequate quantities of food. The women of this tribe also practised basket-weaving and used to decorate their work with every imaginable colour. Both sexes painted their faces with red ochre and a blue dye derived from the wild indigo. This painting was done for purposes of every-day adornment and was quite distinct from usual Indian war paint. They were quite ignorant of pottery, for which they substituted baskets smeared with fireclay for cooking purposes.

Every Indian weaver knows at what season to dig up and dry certain roots, the stronger and more pliable parts of which are used for basket-work, and also how to prepare his dyes.

These baskets vary very much in shape. The tiny children are carried in the bigger ones and the smaller are used as jars. Some are woven in the shape of bottles and are made so watertight that they can hold water for a very long time.

The Apaches

The name of Apache, like those of Sioux and Comanche, really means an enemy. These names, which in reality are quite inaccurate, have become so familiar that we talk of the Sioux as though they were a particular tribe, whereas they are really Dakota Indians. The custom probably arose from the savagery and cruelty which were common to these three tribes, who, furthermore, were unceasingly on the war-path.

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For many centuries of which we have no records, the Apache was the most formidable and greatest of warriors. He practised piracy throughout an area which is bigger than Europe and Russia together. If Leonidas had been an Apache he would have employed their deadly method of surprising only small detachments and never themselves coming out into the open, and not a single Persian would have escaped. The Apaches would emerge from their ambush, kill and despoil their foes and disappear again in an instant. War was really their national industry and their pastime. This at any rate was the experience of the whites from the very earliest times until the last surviving bands of Apaches under their formidable chief, Geronimo, a magnificent fighter but an incorrigible hothead, were surrounded and made prisoners by Generals Mills and Crooks. That, however, did not take place till the seventies. I have often talked to Geronimo and tried to convince him of the errors of his ways, but to no purpose. He was eventually convinced against his will.

The skin of the Apache is like leather, and walls and doors were unknown to him. He was born out of doors amid snow, rain and wind, and lived in the wilderness practically always without tents, and generally died in the open. Their women were accustomed to toil and fighting. They followed their men to battle and on their protracted marches through the deserts and over mountains.

In critical times the baggage of the Apache

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warrior was confined to his trousers, arms, and of later years to as many cartridges as he could carry in his belt. The Apache could always find enough food to enable him to subsist and fight in the wilderness where a goat could scarcely get a living. A bushy tree called the Shunned Muscat provided him with nourishing bread and intoxicating liquor, and the Apache women with sewing-thread. During the final stages of the fighting, the Apaches carried the best rifles and even better field-glasses than most of the officers of the Pale-faces who were hunting them down.

The few Apaches who still survive are now employed in agriculture or railway construction in the very same wilderness where for centuries they harried and held up millions of their fellow Indians. And to-day you can see these indefatigable and fearless women and their daughters patiently making dyes or weaving their curiously shaped baskets, an occupation which is a striking contrast to the name of Apache which in course of time had become the symbol of cruelty and bloodshed. The tribe as a whole, however, has not been fairly treated, as it was only certain sections of it that earned such a bad reputation. Look, for instance, at that old lady who is so contentedly and peacefully weaving her basket, every drop of whose blood is identical with that of Victorio or Geronimo, who murdered the settlers and did as much harm to the Government of the United States as they possibly could. Certain sections of the Apaches were quite

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peaceably disposed. Gambling alone was common to all of them. It is a regular passion with them. They have sticks, for instance, which they throw in a circle and bet upon its falling with its flat or curved side uppermost, just like the game of heads and tails of the Pale-faces, which dates from the gold rush. The Apaches used playing cards of Spanish origin, besides home-made ones of horse hide which were very carefully painted.

CHAPTER X

THE SOUTH-WESTERN CENTRE OF CIVILIZATION

IN the previous chapter, my white brothers, I introduced you to some tribes of the Pueblo region in south-western North America, because this district in early days had been to some extent a centre of Indian civilization. I naturally was only able to select a few examples which I considered to be of special interest, inasmuch as they preserve the same habits and customs that were prevalent four hundred years ago—in more pronounced fashion indeed than any other nation in the world with the exception of the Bedouins in the Far East.

There were probably more than sixty tribes in all which carried on pottery or basket-making in this small oasis of Indian civilization. It may even be said that the handicraft of pottery originated in this neighbourhood so far as America is concerned, as there were only about seventy-five tribes in the whole of that country which had any artistic ideas on the subject. The other tribes only practised it in a very rudimentary fashion.

The Pueblo region may even be considered as the centre of the basket-making industry. I know that it has been asserted that every Indian, from the Eskimos in the north to Mexico in the south, is a

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basket-maker, but my readers will surely agree with me that it is the relative degree of skill displayed that really matters. That is the difference between the tribes I have already mentioned and their other American brethren. Generally speaking, the art of basket-making was confined to simple objects of every-day use, and there can be no comparison between the latter and the delicate artistry displayed by the Pomo Indians or the Tules tribe who even make use of bass work. It is a curious fact that the beautiful and stately wedding dresses worn by the Navahos at their marriages, which are one of the most wonderful achievements of the basket-making industry, were produced by the Paiutes. Other tribes in this neighbourhood who are renowned for plaiting in bass are the Inwos, the Hupas and the Chi-Me-Hoe-Vis. It is an interesting fact, too, that the Apaches, who were really only renowned for their fighting qualities, have attained an undeniable degree of skill in basket-making. Each one of the three great subdivisions of this tribe, the Jicar-illas, the Mescarteros, and the Apaches of the White Mountain, practise basket-making in a different manner and have developed their own peculiar characteristics. Some of their baskets were so solidly woven that they held water without any further treatment. Baskets were generally daubed with resin in order to render them watertight.

The Pueblo potters of to-day have deteriorated very much from the high standard of their forefathers owing to their failure to use the original

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models and to the want of variety in their work, whereas they formerly never produced any two pieces that were really alike.

In olden days they were not acquainted with the potter's wheel and even now use it very rarely.

Geometrical and symbolical signs were in common use with them, the triangle being one of their favourite patterns. The symbols they employed represented rain, lightning and clouds.

Birds and other animals occurred very frequently in the next stage, but leaf and flower designs were seldom met with ; among the latter the sunflower was most common.

It is because the weaving industry was really only indigenous to this area and was practised almost exclusively by the Pueblos and Navahos within it, that I feel sure that my white brothers will agree that it was only right on my part to call their attention to these tribes and their peculiarities.

CHAPTER XI

THE THUNDER BIRD

I WOULD fain conclude my sketch of Indian culture in past ages by telling you a story about the thunder bird which plays so great a part in the mythology of the North American Indian. The belief in the thunder bird or thunder eagle is explained by the desire on the part of primitive man to find some explanation of the natural phenomena by which he was surrounded. Although the story as told by the various tribes differs in detail, this fabulous bird is generally considered to be responsible for thunder and lightning and in some cases rain. In some instances he is described as an eagle, in others as an owl or a wild fowl, in others again as a strangely shaped monster. The fact that the figure of the thunder bird looms very large in Eskimo mythology, and that the Indians of the North and Central West, as well as the Navahos and Pueblos and the Indians of the plains, are familiar with the legend, is a proof of the widespread nature of the belief in the story. The tribes which inhabit the plains believe that storms are caused by a fight between the thunder bird and a huge rattlesnake, whereas others believe him to inhabit the mountains in the company of all kinds of spirits,

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whence he sallies forth occasionally to go hunting in the valleys. He produces lightning by opening and shutting his eyes and thunder by beating his wings, and the rain comes down from a lake which he carries on his back. Such is the conception that some tribes have of him.

Among the peoples of the South-West, such as the Pueblos who suffer so much from drought and whose very life as well as their crops and cattle depend upon water, the appearance of the thunder bird implies good grazing for their herds, a bounteous harvest, a plentiful supply of corn, and a general revival of the countryside. The bird consequently appears to them in the light of a beneficial deity, whose presence brings peace and happiness. You will find him represented in paintings on the rocks or in carvings on tree trunks and sometimes worn as a talisman on articles of clothing, upon which he is depicted in embroidery or needlework.

A huge painting of the thunder bird in black and white upon a background of red sandstone, measuring twenty feet across, is to be seen upon a cliff that overshadows the ruins of an ancient Pueblo settlement in New Mexico. The colours employed by the primitive artist are as fresh and distinct as ever. This picture on the red cliffs, which is held to be a genuine representation of the universal deity of the Indians, was painted about five hundred years ago and can be seen fifty miles away.

Well, my white brothers, I have now given you

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a true account of many of my fellow tribesmen and tribeswomen. I hope you will take them to your heart and never forget them. May the Great Manitoo give you happiness and health, and may you be given a long life in which to talk about this book and the true stories it contains.

CHAPTER XII

BUFFALOES, FAVOURITE HORSES, WOLVES AND EAGLES

IN my youth the herds of buffaloes were still not only very numerous, but a very large number of beasts went to each herd. I have already told you elsewhere that a herd at a gallop made a noise like thunder. When a herd found good grazing you could be certain that within a week the grass would look everywhere as if it had been mown. The leaders would then take their herds to another district where there was plenty of grass and there they would remain till the grass was consumed. They traversed in this fashion the whole country district by district in search of pasturage and water until they got back to their original starting-point, where the grass in the meantime had grown again.

These herds were called prairie herds and resembled the Indians in their habits, who were forced to wander about in search of food and water for themselves, their families and their flocks.

There was, however, another species of buffalo which was far less wild than its migratory prototype. These buffaloes would remain about six months at a time in a district where grazing and water were plentiful, till just before the New Year, when they would retire to the oak woods and there spend the remainder of the winter. During the

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whole of this period they fed on nothing but huge acorns that were about three inches long and four inches thick and were very nourishing and wholesome. They were therefore fattening all this time and improving in size and condition and their flesh became very tender. We used to hunt them at this time of year and would kill perhaps a hundred of them and then cut their flesh into long strips and hang it up in the sun to dry. Our mothers and sisters would then light a fire beneath it and with the help of the sun cured it for seven days and nights until it was ready to be stored for the winter. We warriors always put some in our haversacks before setting out upon a ride of any length. We used to eat a kind of breadfruit with it, called "dit," and the two together made an excellent meal.

When we killed young buffaloes we used to cut off the flesh nearest the intestines, which was particularly juicy and tasty when cooked. We called it "bo-bo" in our language.

While I am on the subject of cooking I may as well mention that we had certain roots and berries which our mothers used to make into very good puddings. We sweetened them with wild honey and sugar from the sugar trees.

We cooked our wild fowl in the following fashion. The birds were drawn and then put, unplucked, into a hole that had been dug for the purpose and covered in with clay, upon which a fire was lighted. By this method of cooking they retained their juices.

When I had passed my three tests for the chief-

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tainship, and settled down as a chief of my tribe, I possessed fourteen horses that I had broken myself, each one for a different purpose.

Two of them, "Thunder Bird" and "Flash of Lightning," were my battle chargers. I rode them for many years in all my fights and battles; they were not in the least gun-shy. I taught them to lie down and feign death, as well as to turn quickly and to kneel, and above all to obey my signs. If I signalled to them when two hundred yards off they would gallop up to me and if I whistled they came at full speed. I trained them to help me in action by lashing out and knocking down my enemies. They were thus of great assistance to me on the war-path. Both of them were wounded several times, but I healed their wounds with our Indian herbs and made them fit again. They hated the Pale-faces, and would have kicked or trampled a white man to death if I had set them at him.

Dogs and horses are a man's best friends when properly treated, and stick to him for ever, and my two magnificent horses were my best friends.

I had also four racers. They were as swift as the wind, and as they won all my races I became very proud of them. Their names were Mope, Cope, Gope, and Colp. I won prizes by shooting from underneath them or when hanging from their necks.

We used to ride a great many races and offer prizes for tests of skill. Once a white immigrant turned up who was riding a very fine and speedy horse. He refused to believe that my horse, Mope,

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was faster than his, and staked his fowling-piece against my bow on the result : my Mope, however, passed the winning post fifty yards ahead of him. He was a splendid roan. When he got old I pensioned him off for the rest of his days. He would never go far away from my wigwam, and my sisters used to feed him. He was so fond of me that whenever he saw me he would come running up and rub his soft velvety nose on my back.

At a later period we played polo, too. My three polo ponies were called Puk, Muk, and Tuk. They were splendid animals and could stop dead at full gallop. If I wanted them to turn right or left I merely had to press lightly with the right or left knee. If I wanted them to gallop hard ahead, I would throw my weight forward, and backwards if I wanted them to stop dead.

The horses bred by the present generation of Pale-faces are too long on their legs and too stiffly built. They are too soft and would go lame at once if they had to gallop at full speed over rocky plateaux and jump through gaps in the rocks as ours did.

It is very essential to accustom your horses to the sound of your voice ; you will find if you do so that in time they will answer your call more implicitly than the bridle. In those days we never used to ride with reins but only with a leather strap which was wound round the horse's muzzle, and passed through his mouth.

I also had seven big wolves at that time, which I had tamed when quite young by giving them —

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milk four times a day. They followed me about like dogs and were remarkably vigilant. They were great grey wolves, prairie wolves as we call them. They were so strong that one of them could pull down an ox unaided if it got hold of the latter by its muzzle. Unfortunately, as time went on, they took to attacking anyone who did not belong to my wigwam. I tried several times to leave them in the wilderness and ride off on the quiet, but they invariably hit off my trail and returned to camp, a proceeding which was not devoid of danger to anyone who encountered them. I therefore, to my great grief, was compelled to destroy them.

Last of all I had three eagles, two of which were ordinary American eagles and the third a golden American eagle. The first two were called Tip and Lit, and the golden eagle was named Biff. I caught them likewise when they were quite young and taught them a lot of tricks.

Eagles are very clever at catching fish. I accordingly used to send them out just as the Pale-faces sent out their falcons in the Middle Ages. They would sometimes bring me home fish of such a size as to more than supply the needs of the whole of the inmates of my wigwam. I trained them to keep the large owls and other birds of prey away from my little chickens. This, however, took place subsequently about the year 1890, when I took up chicken breeding on a large scale on my farm in Colorado. Now my grandchildren and great-grandchildren look after the poultry.

CHAPTER XIII

MY FIRST EXPERIENCES ON THE WAR-PATH

THE following incident, which led to my going on the war-path for the first time, occurred shortly after I had been created chief. We were encamped at the time in Southern Colorado, where we had been informed for some weeks past by smoke signals that the Comanches, a widely scattered tribe who are always on the move and are great horse and cattle thieves, had left their own hunting grounds in Texas and gone northwards on a hunting and raiding expedition.

They had split up into several parties, some of which were composed of picked and experienced warriors, and were robbing and making trouble everywhere. Our sentries were accordingly told to keep an especially sharp look-out. One evening, however, all our warriors, with the exception of a very few who had been left behind as sentries, rode over to visit the camp of a friendly tribe where a marriage was being celebrated. Suddenly, in the middle of a dance, the music of the drums and pipes was disturbed by the long-drawn-out and piercing war-cry of the Osages. We knew at once that something must have happened at home for the cry to be raised at night, and lo ! just then arrived a messenger on a

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foaming steed who told us that the Comanches had surprised and killed our sentries and stolen our cattle. Luckily, they had not captured many of our horses as we had brought the latter with us. The peaceful festival was converted in a twinkling into an assembly of warriors. We seized our weapons and congregated outside the tent of the head chief of our hosts where the chief and sub-chiefs held a conference, while the warriors untethered the horses and made preparations for our immediate departure. Although we remained outwardly calm, we were naturally very excited. Only essentials were discussed at the conference between the chiefs. It was agreed that we Osages should ride back to our camp and see what had happened and then follow up the trail of the thieves. Our friends, the Dacotas, were in the meantime to inform the tribes in the neighbourhood by messengers and signals and get them to try and stop the Comanches.

We rode all night and arrived at our camp at mid-day. Long before we got there we could hear the cries of the women bewailing their fallen warriors. Luckily, the Comanches had only attacked and killed our sentries outside the camp, as they were unaware of the absence of our warriors, otherwise they would surely have plundered the camp. We ascertained from our spies that the enemy was not present in force, and only consisted of about one hundred warriors. He was unable, however, to move very rapidly owing to the presence of our cattle.

Before starting in pursuit we painted ourselves

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and danced the war dance. We rode off early in the morning of the second day after the attack, and I, to my great joy, was assigned the duty of riding ahead and picking up the trail. We rode night and day and caught up the enemy's rearguard just as it was about to vanish into a mountainous area of savage rocks and precipices. I uttered our war-cry and was about to pursue them, when an elderly warrior who formed part of my advanced guard laid his hand on my arm and said : " My great brother, the young chief of our renowned warriors, will do better to control his enthusiasm and wait till the old chiefs come up, as if we go riding among the rocks the Comanches will shoot us down at once from their coign of vantage like a herd of deer that has fallen into a trap."

I hung my head somewhat shamefacedly, for it is not customary for ordinary warriors to give advice to the chief. He had hardly finished speaking, however, before a shower of arrows came rattling down upon us from the rocks. We accordingly withdrew under cover of the trees and sent back messengers to those behind and proceeded to wait. I resolved, secretly, however, to make amends and to repair the consequences of my rashness.

Between the edge of the woods and the rocks behind which the enemy had disappeared, there ran a rocky plateau that was fairly wide and devoid of growth of any kind. Upon the arrival of the main body it was decided to await nightfall and that our main force should then ride round the rocks and try

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to penetrate there at daybreak at a point where, as some of our older chiefs assured us, the rocks were farther apart and a better view was afforded. A few scouts on foot were to follow up the Comanches in the direction in which they had gone and keep in touch with them. I at once volunteered to undertake the more dangerous task.

My white friends will not easily realize the difficulty of scouting over ground that is broken up by rocks, even when one's sight can penetrate the obscurity—as you know we can see in the dark. The enemy, it must be remembered, can do so as well and has, moreover, the advantage, inasmuch as he remains motionless, of hearing the slightest sound that is caused by the stealthy tread of an approaching foe. As the moon was shining brightly I could only advance very slowly, as I had to keep within the shadow of the rocks and avoid displacing the smallest stone with my feet. I was fortunate enough to come across a brook as I advanced upwards, the splash of which in the stillness of the night was of great assistance to me as I crept forward. Just as I was about to wriggle round a jagged piece of rock that projected into the watercourse down which the stream came rushing and was reflecting that when I had got round it I should be in the moonlight instead of being in the dark, as I then was, I suddenly saw a shadow flicker for an instant upon the cliff in front of me. I flattened myself against the rock with every faculty alert. The sound of the brook was now a disadvantage to me as it drowned every

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other noise. I soon, however, saw the shadow again and much more clearly this time, as I could perceive the outline of a human head with its feather ornaments. A second afterwards I saw another shadow. It was obvious that I had to deal with two or more scouts of the enemy's rearguard, and that, judging by the shadows, they were lying above me upon the projecting rock, the surface of which probably flattened out a few yards from the ground. As I was directly beneath them in the shadow, they could scarcely distinguish me and were probably watching the moonlit space that I should have had to cross had I gone any farther. I was indeed in a fix. Something had to be done. There could be no question of turning back, for I could not be sure whether other enemies were not hidden behind the projecting rock, in fact, whether I was dealing with an outpost of the Comanches that had taken up its post in the river-bed, or merely with these two scouts who had remained behind and were going to follow their main body and rearguard presently. I hadn't much time to reflect, for on the one hand the two scouts might move to another look-out post at any moment and thus escape me, and on the other, the moon as it moved round would soon reveal my presence to my two foes above me. At such moments when a rapid decision is required, the Great Manitoo sometimes inspires us with an idea that comes like a flash and leaves us no time to consider the consequences. It is only thus that I can account for my action in drawing my bow and

leaning back against the wall imitating the cry of a screech owl as I did so. All at once I saw a human head project itself over the edge of the rock and look down into the dark ravine where I was standing. I had just time to loose my arrow and see that it had gone home. The head gave a jerk, two arms suddenly groped in the air, I saw something dark and a heavy body fell with a dull crash close beside me on to the rubble below. I seized my tomahawk and prepared to spring. Nothing moved, however, and the Comanche was obviously dead. I could hear no call or war-cry of the enemy above me, but only the sound of the brook. What had become of the second scout? for there had been at least two of them. Suddenly the kindly cliff revealed to me the shadow of someone who had got up and was climbing down the reverse side. It was now a question of all or nothing. If others of the rearguard were present my position was a very critical one, but I could deal with a single warrior. I therefore stepped over the body in front of me and advanced cautiously to the corner. The latter was not as sharp as the stern of a ship, but a great oval mass of rock with various recesses in places. In order to get a better view I had now to venture into the moonlight. Suddenly I found myself face to face with my other adversary who in the meantime had climbed down the projecting rock on its more accessible side so as to come to the help of his comrade, and was now only twenty yards away. He saw me at once and hurled his tomahawk with terrific force at me before I could

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even draw my own. I instinctively refrained from ducking, as tomahawks are usually thrown so as to hit the enemy in the middle of his body. Had I done so he would in all probability have split my skull. Instead of doing so I jumped sideways into the brook. I stumbled in doing so, but was up in a second and rushed upon the Comanche, tomahawk in hand. The latter, however, had very cleverly taken cover behind a small projecting piece of rock and didn't give me a target. The next minute we were at grips, I with the tomahawk and he with his flashing bowie knife in his hand. This time I won by means of a feint. I pretended to stumble so as to make him stab at me. Quick as thought I dodged beneath his arm and, raising myself to my full height, brought my weapon sideways down upon his skull. He fell like a log. I was now quite alone in the dark ravine with my slain foe before me, while the other beyond the rock had already entered the Everlasting Hunting Grounds. The Great Manitoo had protected me and I had honourably gained two scalps on my first war-path. Exultingly I uttered the war-cry of our tribe and took both their scalps.

Next day a battle took place among the rocks. The Comanches had good cover and wounded several of our warriors with their arrows. Soon, however, they were attacked in rear by our friends who had been summoned by our smoke signals, and were all killed and scalped according to the law of the prairie which shows no mercy to thieves. Thieves, moreover, are not buried, but are left to be devoured by the wild beasts.

CHAPTER XIV

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE WHITES

THE first column of emigrants that I can recall arrived in our territory, which subsequently became Montana, in 1847. It consisted of from two to three hundred covered wagons and a lot of cattle. The Pale-faces in those days used to carry long muzzle-loading guns. Among the younger men was a so-called bully, that is to say an ill-conditioned braggart who had loudly boasted his intention of killing the first Indian he came across. An old Indian woman happened to be sitting upon a stone, sewing, just as the column to which this young man belonged was passing one of our camps. The bully himself was probably drunk. Anyhow, he put his gun to his shoulder and shot the old woman, and then went on his way with the column till the camp was pitched at nightfall. As soon as we discovered what had happened, word was passed round by means of smoke signals, and a conference of chiefs was held at which it was decided to send envoys to the camp of the Pale-faces to demand the surrender of the bully, failing which the whole camp would be slaughtered.

The Pale-faces consulted together for a long time and tried to appease us with gifts of cattle and weapons. We declined, as you may suppose, to

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entertain these offers, and gave them twelve hours to tie up the bully to a tree at a given spot in the wood, when several of our warriors came up and pierced him with their arrows.

Although I myself was absent when the old woman was shot and only heard of the incident from my people, my chiefs and I rode over to the camp of the whites and were present at the execution.

This was not by any means the first of the columns of settlers that had arrived from beyond the prairies. We never molested these parties, but both then and subsequently gave them a friendly reception and helped them by showing them our ancient trails for their wagons to proceed by, as in those days progress through the wilderness was very difficult. It was often necessary, where the ground was rocky and intersected by chasms and ravines, to construct small bridges of tree stems to enable the wagons to cross these chasms just as they would a river.

How many of the Pale-faces would never have got any farther but for our help ! They gave us oxen and rifles in return for our services, which we were very glad to render them, especially as my tribe of the Osages in particular, as well as our neighbours, were very peaceably inclined. There were, however, war-like tribes like the Comanches and Apaches, of whom I have told you, with whom even we were often at war. In those days we never attacked the Pale-faces except for some very good reason, such as the brutal action of the bully. We should not have been men if we had not defended ourselves when we were attacked.

CHAPTER XV

A WONDER OF NATURE

ANOTHER obstacle in the way of the emigrants of those days, who were then arriving from the South and North as well as from the East, were the huge waterless prairies which were then called Pagas. It was very easy to die of thirst if you lost your way on them.

One of these Pagas lay north of Rio Grande in Texas. In this huge wilderness there then was and still exists on the flat prairie a water-hole called "Howard's Wells" that is as big as a small lake. This water-hole was very dangerous to approach owing to the formation of the bottom which shelved very steeply right under the bank. When the oxen arrived at the water-hole half dead with thirst from their long journey, they would rush in and drink, and failing to find any foothold, yoked as they often were to the very heavy wagons, would sink, together with the latter, in its fathomless depths. The funny thing about this hole was that we could never find its bottom, although we once fastened a large piece of rock to seventy-five lassoes that were tied together, each of which was sixty-five feet long, and yet we could not plumb its depths. Even from

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close at hand the lake looked like a harmless little shallow pool.

This wonder of Nature has since been fenced round with a high wall of stone to prevent people falling in.

CHAPTER XVI

BUFFALO BILL

ALTHOUGH you will all of you, my white brethren, have heard of Buffalo Bill, you cannot have heard that it was I who saved his life as a child and brought him up and spent a great part of my life with him.

He was born in 1846 and died in 1917. I first met him in 1849 when he was three years old. Before telling you about the circumstances of our meeting I must give you a short account of the Mormons.

The Mormons in those days were very strange folk. At about the end of the first half of the nineteenth century a large party of young men and women, who mostly came from the dancing and music halls of the towns of the East Coast, travelled across North America in long columns of covered wagons and founded various settlements on the Great Salt Lake in what is now the State of Utah. This was the origin of Salt Lake City. Being a religious sect they proceeded to build a large temple around which lay the women's town. Every Mormon had three wives and their leaders a great many more. When I first met them they were led by their great white chief, Brigham Young, whose name is composed of three

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words each of which has an important bearing on the views of this sect—namely, “Bring them young,” i.e. the women. Brigham Young alone had about seventeen wives. Each Mormon lived in his principal tent, which subsequently became his principal house around which the tents or small wooden houses of his various wives were grouped. The tents were, so to speak, two-roomed dwellings, as they would be called nowadays, and consisted of a kitchen and living-room. You can easily imagine the extent of ground covered by a settlement of this kind when you consider that the principal house of each Mormon was surrounded by a quantity of these affiliated dwellings.

The Mormons, very much to their discredit, actually took to stealing women. In order to satisfy their requirements in this respect, which were naturally very great, they stole women wherever they found them, just as some thieving Indian tribes steal horses, and used to attack with this object the parties of immigrants who even at that time were arriving in large numbers in the country. A revolting feature of these raids was the practice of the Mormons of disguising themselves as Indians with paint and feathers in order to deceive the white soldiers who were occupying the fortified outposts, and induce them to believe that our tribes were responsible for these attacks, a state of affairs that was not calculated to improve the relations between the soldiers of the Pale-faces and the Indians.

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When these attacks took place, the men and old women and children were ruthlessly slaughtered, the ox wagons burned, and the young women, draught animals and horses conveyed to Salt Lake City by these so-called Indians. We were consequently furious with the Mormons and took their scalps whenever we caught them at these raids.

In the summer of 1849 in the course of a hunting expedition on which I was engaged with a number of young chiefs, we happened to be passing through a wood when all of a sudden we heard the sound of musketry. Spies were at once sent out, and returned with the information that some Pale-faces in their covered wagons were being attacked by Indians, but that as there were only about fifty Indians present the affair was really nothing more than a skirmish. We at once rode at full speed to the scene of action, but before arriving I ordered my men to dismount and crept forward with them. It was a strange sight that met our eyes. Men adorned with feathers and painted in every conceivable colour were attacking with thunder boxes—as we then called muzzle-loading guns for which we had little use, as we shot better with our arrows—a camp of Pale-faces consisting of a large number of covered wagons. I knew at once what to do, as I was well acquainted with the criminal tactics of the Mormons. I told my men to sally forth and attack the so-called Indians on either side of the camp. The moment they heard our piercing war-cries the Mormons broke off the action in confusion and rushed to their horses

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and galloped off, followed by our arrows, which wounded and killed some of them. The camp was a sad sight. At first we had some trouble in making the Pale-faces understand that we harboured no evil intentions against them. It was evident to them that we had come to their assistance, but they did not know what to expect from us. I accordingly approached the camp unarmed and with the pipe of peace in my hand, and made myself understood to the leaders by means of signs. I could hardly speak any English at the time. Some of the Pale-faces had been killed and wounded. Gradually the white women and children clambered out of the covered wagons, among them Buffalo Bill and his mother ; the latter was a very beautiful woman, and was weeping bitterly in her terror and anxiety. She was a widow, as I heard at the time, and had joined a party of Pale-faces who were intending to settle in the West. We took the whole party, together with two Mormon prisoners in their infamous disguise, to the nearest fort and handed the latter over to the soldiers as an ocular demonstration of the innocence of my people with regard to these attacks and of the piratical behaviour of the Mormons. The two prisoners were at once shot out of hand by the Pale-faces. Buffalo Bill's mother declined to go any farther with the other Pale-faces or to remain in the fort with the soldiers. She took us into her confidence and told us that she knew we would never harm a woman and always treated them with great respect. We therefore took little Bill with us to our

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tribe, where he was brought up with my own sons in my tent.

I had, however, first of all a bone to pick with the Mormons. I was not deterred by the length of the journey and rode with some of my chiefs to the town of the Mormons on the Great Salt Lake. Upon my arrival I sent word to Brigham Young that I wanted to see him at once in the temple, and that unless he was quick about it every single person in the town would be massacred. I then rode by myself into and through the town and right into the temple without dismounting. In the meantime Brigham Young, accompanied by a lot of Pale-faces in cowboy dress, had come into the temple. I made him a long speech through an interpreter, the gist of which was as follows: "We Indians are peaceably inclined and friendly disposed towards the Pale-faces, whereas you, besides being criminals, are treacherous snakes, for you disguise yourselves in our dress in order that your deeds may be imputed to the redskins.

"Now, therefore, I, Big Chief White Horse Eagle, whose father is the supreme chief of all the Indians, hereby declare that should it again come to our ears that you have attacked your white brothers, the whole of my tribe, as well as any friendly tribes in the vicinity, will surround your town under my command and burn every one of your houses and you will lose your scalps. I have spoken."

Brigham Young and his people looked very black, but no one dared to answer a word. I turned my

horse about without further ado and rode out of the temple and back through the town.

Buffalo Bill's mother died unfortunately of a severe fever that our medicine men were unable to cope with a few years after coming to us. She was very happy with us and thanked us upon her death-bed. She entrusted her son to my care, and I always treated him like one of my own children, with whom he was brought up and taught to shoot, swim and ride. He was a very apt pupil, and soon outstripped many of our chiefs.

Gradually, as we got increasingly into touch with the white soldiers, who had built forts everywhere as a protection for the settlers, we became acquainted with firearms, which we obtained from the soldiers in exchange for the game we killed for them. By dint of practice we speedily became as good shots with the rifles as we had been with our bows and arrows. We were such good marksmen that we could fire, for instance, one bullet after another into a tree, each upon the top of the other. We also used to throw tiny little bright stones into the air and shoot at them. Buffalo Bill took part in these games with the others. I also taught him to read a trail and then obtained for him a post as hunter for the soldiers of the Pale-faces. The men who supplied the soldiers with game and served as guides on punitive expeditions, whether Indians or Pale-faces, were called scouts. In course of time I became chief scout and allotted the Indians to the various forts and units of soldiers. I also provided

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Buffalo Bill with men to assist him on his hunting expeditions. Buffaloes were chiefly hunted for their meat, which is of unrivalled quality. Buffalo Bill in this way made a lot of money. Soon, however, he got bored with this occupation, as was invariably the case with him. He then acted for some time as tracker to the soldiers, but eventually got tired of that also.

The idea then occurred to him to give great Wild West shows in the towns of the Pale-faces. Taking with him his tent, his horses, his rifle and lassoes and some Indians, he travelled all over the States and Europe, and succeeded by this means in earning so much that in a short time he had collected a very large sum of money, besides buying two or three good farms in America. Sad to relate, however, he began to gamble more and more in the towns he visited. His passion for gambling was so violent that he would often sit for hours on end at the gambling tables, smoking and drinking, but seldom taking any food. His health naturally became very much affected by this kind of existence. How often when staying for some reason or other in the same town as himself have I taken him by the arm and led him away from the gambling table to his hotel to give him a serious talking to and tell him what I thought of him. I was the only person who could take such a liberty with him, as he was very hot-tempered and given to using his pistol upon the smallest pretext. But it was no good. I had hardly turned my back before he began to gamble again.

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He thus by degrees lost all his earnings and ended by dying in great poverty. The white men wanted to give him a pauper's funeral, but that we Indians declined to permit. We and our friends subscribed enough money to enable us to give him a funeral befitting a great chief. We embalmed and buried him standing upright in a rocky grave up in the hills upon Look-Out Mountain and shot his favourite horse by the graveside. A lofty monument of Italian marble was purchased by us and erected on the spot where he lies buried.

Most of the stories of the Wild West that Buffalo Bill wrote for money-making purposes and to amuse his readers are, of course, inventions. He was a wise and gifted but wild and hot-tempered man. His angry fits would be succeeded by bouts of good-humour. His love of gambling was his great weakness, and at last became fatal to him. We Indians, none the less, hold his name in honour, for he was our friend and we were proud of what he had learned from us. His real name was William Cody. He was never really a Colonel, although he sometimes called himself so.

CHAPTER XVII

TRIBAL AND CIVIL WAR

I HAVE been rather led to anticipate events in giving you this account of Buffalo Bill and I shall therefore tell you more about this curious personage later on.

At the beginning of the second half of the century disaster could already be seen to be impending over our people. The process at first was a gradual one. The advent of the Pale-faces in ever-increasing numbers from the East had already assumed a threatening aspect when the gold rush began in the seventies and with it the final and vigorous assault upon the beautiful and silent wilderness which had been our home. Up to 1850 it was only isolated columns of immigrants with their unwieldy and creaking wagons, like the one which brought Buffalo Bill, that crossed the prairies. Isolated though these parties might be, they were coming in from every direction, and the whole country became unsettled.

My tribe, too, was compelled to unbury the war hatchet and go on the war-path more frequently than heretofore, owing to cattle robberies which were carried out about this time by numerous bands of cattle thieves, both Indian and Pale-faces, who came over the Eagle Pass from Mexico into our

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land. The Comanches in particular gave us a lot of trouble, and many a Comanche scalp did I attach to my belt in those days.

There was trouble, too, among the Pale-faces in the East. The southern part of the country was full of slaves, and the North disliked the South. The fire smouldered beneath the ashes till it finally flared up in 1861, when the Civil War broke out.

The combative spirit induced by these events, latent though it was, was nevertheless distinctly perceptible and reacted upon us Indians. Forts and garrisons were gradually pushed forward westwards to protect the immigrants, "pioneers of civilization" as the Pale-faces called them, and the elders among our chiefs were consumed with anxiety.

How often in those days did I halt my horse upon one of our rocky eminences and silently survey the woods which were ringing with ever-increasing frequency with the noise of the wheels, the cracking of the whips and the shots of the Pale-faces that disturbed our game and frightened our cattle.

I became sad at heart and rode to my father's tent. My great father, wise man that he was, predicted much of what has since happened. Often would he assemble the other wise chiefs round his camp fire and confer with them. In those days it would have still been an easy matter to defend the Wild West against the Pale-faces, notwithstanding its huge area. We could have massacred every single immigrant, as the white soldiers as yet were powerless. They were of course able to control the

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country round their forts and undertake punitive expeditions, but their authority did not extend beyond the range of their rifles.

We Indians, I should tell you, did not as yet regard the Pale-faces as our enemies. So long as they acted in a friendly manner we gladly helped them to settle down where the prospect seemed to please them, or in their aimless wanderings about the wilderness in search of their wagon trails. We thought that there was room enough for everyone in so huge a country. We were, I must repeat again and again, peaceably disposed and never did harm to anyone save to those who threatened us. We were men of honour, too, whose pledged word was our bond, and we assumed these qualities in the whites. We had had good as well as many bad experiences with them. There was a great White Chief, for instance, long since dead, called William Penn. Both my great-grandfather and grandfather knew him and he was revered by all the Indians. Penn was a man of his word, and the treaties made with him had been faithfully observed. He bought his land from us and paid for it in good money. Pennsylvania was called after him, and it was only since his death that the slave trade really began.

My father would often talk about him, for he felt that a new age was approaching. Sitting in his wigwam before his death he would often discuss matters with me, speaking in low tones and with a look in his eyes—the eyes of a seer—which certainly beheld much that was not revealed to me. Many a

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chief, too, did he restrain from committing acts of folly.

In 1856 he entered the Everlasting Hunting Grounds. The site of his grave is kept strictly secret. His position devolved upon me by inheritance, and I rode about the country to see what was going on, and the more I saw the sadder I became.

Perhaps it was a mistaken policy on our part to behave in a friendly and honourable manner towards the Pale-faces, perhaps, too, my father was ill advised to exhort the more hot-headed of the chiefs to act with caution and keep their heads.

Who can tell what would have been the outcome of a determination on our part to treat as an enemy every Pale-face who advanced beyond a certain distance into our country? In any case we missed our opportunity of bringing matters to a general conclusion.

It was soon too late for us to do so, although we chiefs of very many tribes assembled in council and discussed our course of action and the tactics to be employed night after night by the camp fire. Many of my great and brave brothers were anxious even then to organize a general uprising and clear every Pale-face out of our home. The latter, however, by that time had invaded our territory from every direction like so many swarms of locusts. Forts, garrisoned by soldiers with rifles, ammunition and even guns, had been pushed farther and farther forward, and these stinging horse-leeches were to be met with in every direction. Even if we had over-

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powered one or two of them at a great sacrifice of life, others would speedily have risen from the ground.

The enormous size of the Wild West rendered collective deliberation and action extremely difficult. It was impossible for an Indian army, even if we had been able to put one into the field, to be everywhere at once. Biggish detachments it is true took part in defensive engagements subsequently, a rôle that was forced upon us owing to the smallness of our numbers and the size of the territory we owned, which compelled us to dissipate our efforts. It was, moreover, impossible for us to concentrate in large numbers on account of the difficulties in the way of supply. We were keen hunters and accustomed to kill game in comparatively small quantities and on a small scale in the wilderness with our bows and arrows and subsequently with our rifles. How was food to be provided for the large army that would have to be maintained if a great many tribes were to co-operate? It was often very difficult for the warriors of a single tribe to supply their camps with meat, particularly so in winter. The hunter, too, had to be mobile enough to be able to follow up his prey, a quality that would have been absolutely at a discount in a large Indian army.

It is true that certain tribes that had been irritated beyond endurance took the offensive, and that a great uprising of Indians took place in Minnesota in 1862. The only outcome of this action, however, was that the whites immediately proceeded to take

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their revenge by sending out punitive expeditions which rendered the last state of these Indians worse than the first and resulted in the total annihilation of certain tribes.

It is also a fact that our warriors were infected by the cruelty of the whites as by some fell disease, and practised cruelty in their turn also. Acts of revenge entail reprisals, just as one act of robbery leads to another.

Again and again did I ride over in person with a company of chiefs, just as my father had done, to see the white fathers in Washington, and consult with them with a view to safeguarding the rights of my people. I happened to be encamped in New York when the Civil War broke out and saw Abraham Lincoln at Washington, where we smoked the pipe of peace together. The sympathies of the Indians both in the North and in the South were entirely on the side of the North, for we were all opposed to the slave trade, and it was Lincoln's chief merit from our point of view that he was the first man to really put an end to that traffic. Only a few Indians, however, took part in the war, which was after all a war between the whites with which we had nothing to do. Besides, I did not go to Washington in connection with the Civil War, but to consult with the President about matters of importance affecting ourselves. Fresh violations of treaties had occurred, and many tribes were preparing to take the war-path. I enjoyed the confidence of the Government to a certain extent as the son of my father, and fre-

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quently tried to intercede with Lincoln's successors.

As it was my aim to safeguard the interests of the people as a whole, I could not deal with isolated disputes between our tribes and the Pale-faces. That great man, Abraham Lincoln, fully appreciated my point of view. He was a man of simple habits, a lawyer by profession, but a splendid character. He had a stepmother, Sarah Busch by name, a big, stout woman whom I often visited in her blockhouse in the woods in the course of my rides during the wars of liberation. She was quite fearless and a deadly shot, did her own cooking, and had always something ready for the passing guest. We were excellent friends.

As I was about to say farewell to the white father at the close of our conference he tapped me on the shoulder and said :

" You are my boy. You are the Great Chief White Horse Eagle. You are the first Chief of the Wild West ; you will keep your boys in order and give my soldiers good advice too."

I tapped him on the shoulder and replied :

" You are the big President. You are the great father of all the Pale-faces. You will look after your boys and make them respect our territories and make them keep their treaties."

Neither of us, however, was able to fulfil our anticipations, for the spirits of evil were let loose in the West and extinguished again and again the pipe of peace.

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I found out subsequently that the white fathers in Washington were just as little able to control the fate of the far-distant West as our great chiefs.

Fate is a great savage bear against whom individuals can avail but little, and their arrows fall off him like water. Perhaps we could have conquered him if we had remained united : as it was, he crushed us with his paws, one tribe after another.

While the Civil War lasted, I remained in the East. Naturally, we avoided the battlefields, which were very unhealthy for onlookers. It was very easy to stop a bullet that was meant for another.

When brave General Lee of the South was compelled to surrender and handed over his sword, it was returned to him with a courtly gesture as a tribute to his courage and capacity, on the part of his adversaries.

I was present at the conclusion of peace at Richmond. All the principal generals were there, and a great banquet took place.

At the conclusion of the Civil War we rode back again to Colorado. It was about this time that hostilities began between my tribe and the Mormons, who were becoming increasingly insolent and had taken to stealing our cattle and horses. In 1868 we had a hard fight with these thieves. We got the upper hand and killed a great many of them. During the pursuit I took my first Pale-face scalp. Its owner was a huge wild fellow who was trying to get away on one of my horses. As I was galloping behind him I suddenly whistled, when my stolen

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horse at once stopped and tried to turn round. He jumped off and, being very fleet of foot, tried to run away. I threw my tomahawk at him and he paid the penalty of his thefts with his death. This took place in Utah.

Besides these fights we had further trouble with the Comanches, who also stole our cattle. We fought a battle with them near San Antonio in Texas, fifteen miles west of Eagle Pass. The struggle was a very bitter one, and several of my brave chiefs passed over to the Everlasting Hunting Grounds—in the end, however, we gained the victory.

Another great disturber of the peace, who never left the war-path, was Geronimo, the great chief of the Apaches. The Pale-faces detested him because of the hostile attitude of his warriors towards the immigrants, whose camps they would attack just as soon as those of their own people in order to steal the horses. Geronimo was one of the best and bravest of the Indian chiefs. I often used to warn him, but without any success. I will tell you later on about the sad circumstances of his death.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DECISIVE STRUGGLE BETWEEN "RED AND WHITE"

I. How my people were cheated

THE reconciliation of the Pale-faces after the Civil War was ominous for us, as they were now able to devote their entire attention and resources to the West. The ten years which followed (1866-76) were full of cruel and savage fighting. The immigrants failed to observe the treaties they had concluded with us upon their arrival, and when we tried to defend our rights by force of arms the great generals of the Civil War turned up with masses of soldiers and helped the immigrants.

These generals on the whole were a bad lot and hated us Indians, whom they regarded as outlaws. Some of them I must allow were fair-minded men and noble characters. I must also admit that many of our warlike chiefs afforded the generals a pretext for punitive expeditions, and thereby brought great misfortunes upon our people at large.

It is only fair to state, however, that on the whole we were perpetually cheated and betrayed by the administrative authorities. They kept on pushing us farther back and occupying the land which

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belonged to us and where we had our home. Worse even for us was their policy of driving away the game that supplied our wives and children and ourselves with food, clothing and all the necessities of life. They hunted down the buffalo herds and slaughtered them by thousands. The herds of wild horses fled before them into the mountains, where they could find no grazing and consequently also died by thousands.

These events sounded the death-knell of the great wilderness. Can you blame the tribes whose very existence was threatened if they took up arms and preferred to end their lives in a desperate but honourable struggle rather than be deprived of their game and driven away from their burning villages into the mountains to perish slowly of thirst? They would not have been men had they not resisted. Some of their foes unfortunately were of their own household, as owing to the general distress raiding had become more frequent.

Conditions in the Wild West gradually became chaotic. It was an uncommonly difficult time for me. I was continually riding to Washington and trying to negotiate. I would smoke the pipe of peace with the white fathers, but no sooner had I secured something and returned home than I found that conditions had changed.

There were certain tribes of a peaceful disposition and others again that were inclined to be warlike. Some tribes had come to an agreement with the Pale-faces and hoped that the treaties would be observed

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and were furious with other tribes such as the Apaches and Comanches, who gave the Pale-faces an excuse for upsetting the treaties. Thus was dissension sown in the hearts of our people.

I tried to mediate. My sympathies were with the party of resistance among my people, but I saw that it was not strong enough. We had to try, by means of skilful negotiation, to conclude as favourable treaties as possible from our point of view while the Indians were still strong enough in their wilderness to make themselves dreaded by the whites.

It was a policy which necessarily had to be pursued independently by the various tribes in their respective areas. It is true that there were some great leaders in certain territories, but it was impossible any longer to co-ordinate their efforts or induce them to take united action. The generals and the administrative authorities varied also enormously in the different areas.

It was impossible for us at a Great Council to do more than lay down certain general principles for their guidance, and we were compelled to denounce those whose savage and warlike inclinations or desire for revenge led them to commit foolish actions for which everyone else had to pay.

Many of the Indians offered their services to the white soldiers as scouts, that is to say as path-finders and trackers. I became their chief scout and arranged for their distribution among the various sections and commands so as to enable us to exercise

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a certain amount of control over punitive expeditions, etc.

I myself offered to serve as a scout and while so engaged would ride round the tribes, to warn them and induce them to make their peace. One had to “make the best of it,” as the Pale-faces put it.

I will now describe some of the chief events of the war. It was a period of much confusion and my white brothers will not find it easy to form any idea of the fighting that took place. I will therefore confine myself to giving you an outline of the most important events that occurred.

II. *The Treaty of Fort Laramie*

I should like at the very outset, before even describing the actions which culminated in Custer's battle or the battle of the Little Big Horn, to emphasize once more that we were inherently peaceful and not anxious for trouble. Our enemies, however, would not leave us alone and compelled us to take up arms. In one respect we were at a great disadvantage as compared with the Pale-faces as we had no newspapers at our disposal and therefore no means of informing the public about the history of our people, their country or their past.

Let me now describe to you the theatre of operations.

The Little Big Horn River rises in Wyoming close to the southern boundary of Montana and flows in a north-easterly direction for about a third of its course. It then turns northward and again north-

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westwards and finally falls into the main river called the Big Horn, which continues northwards till it joins the Yellowstone River.

The Rosebud River also flows northwards till it falls into the Yellowstone River about sixty-five miles east of the confluence of the Big Horn and the Yellowstone Rivers.

About thirty-five miles farther to the north-east the Tongue River falls into the Yellowstone, which again is joined by the Powder River about fifty miles farther to the north-east.

All these rivers play a great part in the fighting with the Indians that took place during the war which lasted from 1866 to 1877. They water a huge territory which is very rich in every respect and dear to the heart of every Indian hunter. It was on these banks that the final struggle took place between the Pale-faces and the Indians for the mastery of the West.

This territory is bounded on the North by the Yellowstone River, on the East by the Missouri, on the South by the North Platte, and on the West by the Big Horn range of mountains.

Within these boundaries lay the Reservation of the Sioux or Dacotas and also their hunting grounds, which were the best in this part of the continent and provided ample grazing for buffalo, deer, antelope, elk and every sort of indigenous big game. The high mountains of the Big Horn Range were the haunts of a sort of tiger called the cougar and the grizzly bear. In the rainy season the rivers were

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full of fish and the numerous watercourses abounded in fur and fowl, which provided the Indians with the food and articles of luxury they so badly needed.

Roots, berries and wild fruit were to be found in plenty, and the extensive prairies and thickly wooded lower ground provided rich grazing and cover for the hardy Indian pony both in winter and in summer. It was for this lovely home, the home of their wives and children and the memories and traditions associated with them, that my brethren fought. It was the last remaining hunting district of the Dakota nation to which my tribe belonged and the scene of our chief hunting expeditions for thousands of years. The tide of arbitrary conquest had driven our forefathers from their ancient settlements in the forests of the East towards the setting sun, a tide of so-called civilization which pressed ceaselessly and relentlessly forward and only left us the choice between assimilation or destruction. The tribes had therefore been compelled to withdraw as it advanced, in order to avoid being engulfed by it or extirpated by rifle bullets. They retreated through wild forests, over rocks and through gorges, across the vast spaces which divide the great waterways. Some of them retired in a south-westerly direction, while others went up the Mississippi and settled along its upper reaches till they were again pushed back to the great territory of the upper Missouri and its tributaries. Here in the land of the Sioux or Dacotas the age-long contest between the Indian and the Pale-face was finally decided.

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It is not difficult to trace the course of events which led to the battle of the Little Big Horn River which took place on the 25th and 26th July, 1876. It is one long series of breaches of treaties by the Government of the United States. They concluded in 1868 a treaty with the Sioux or rather the Dacotas. The negotiations were conducted on behalf of the Government by Lieutenant-General William T. Sherman, Major-General William S. Harvey, Major-General C. C. Augur and various civilian members of the Government such as, for instance, N. G. Taylor, who in 1876 was Secretary of State for Indian Affairs, Senator J. B. Henderson, Chairman of the Senatorial Committee on Indian Affairs, John B. Sanborn, a prominent jurist from the State of Minnesota, and S. F. Tappan. The treaty was concluded on the 29th April, 1868, and made public on the 24th February, 1869.

I should like to draw the particular attention of my readers to Article 2 of this treaty. By it the Indians were to retain full and undisputed ownership of the whole of the territory west of the Missouri which now forms the State of South Dacota, including also the then existing Reservations on the east bank of the river : the Sioux Reservation comprised, therefore, the greater part of the Black Hills.

I would also request them to bear in mind that at the time of the signature of the Treaty of Laramie, as it was called, no one had the smallest idea that the Black Hills were of any value. The country was believed to consist merely of forest land that

was suitable for hunting and grazing purposes. Some time was still to elapse before the enormous hidden wealth of the country was discovered.

In consequence of these discoveries certain enterprising Pale-faces set to work to get hold of this wealth and the Government was induced to repudiate the treaty according to which the land was considered as exclusively Indian territory. It must also be remembered that prior to the signing of the treaty the Government was in possession of an official report which stated that the Black Hills probably contained deposits of gold, silver and copper : certain private individuals had also expressed themselves to the same effect.

These surmises were only too correct.

Now there is no one so inclined to disregard territorial rights as the seeker after gold, and the publication of General Custer's report from Fort Laramie in the summer of 1874 which stated that gold had been found in our territory was a signal for a general invasion. So wild was the rush that then began that even the army of the United States was unable to control the situation. In spite of express orders to the contrary, thousands of gold-seekers found their way to the heart of the Black Hills. Towns sprang up over night. Digging for gold and silver began to the accompaniment of the bustle and lawlessness peculiar to camp life, in complete disregard of the rights of the Indians that had been pledged to them by treaty.

The Government itself in the last resort was

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responsible for this illegal invasion on the part of the Pale-faces and consequently the real and principal cause of the fights between the reds and the whites that kept the army busy for so long a period and finally put an end to the warlike activities of the tribes on this continent.

It was expressly stipulated in Articles 6 and 11 of the Treaty of Laramie that the country north of the North Platte and of the Dakota Reservations to the watershed of the Big Horn range was also to remain in undisputed possession of the Indians and, pending further negotiations at any rate, was to be considered exclusively as Indian hunting ground and that no one, Pale-face or otherwise, was to be allowed to settle there or even traverse it without the permission of the Indians.

These provisions must be borne in mind if we are to get a right understanding of the warlike developments that ensued.

They were of all the greater value to us because the very existence of our tribes depended upon the game which provided them with food, clothing and material for their tents. We knew very well that the game promptly vanished as soon as the whites appeared.

This is why the Indians resisted the invasion of the whites with such obstinacy. The event proved only too clearly and quickly that the apprehensions of the redskins with regard to the disappearance of the game were fully justified.

Heart-rending proof of the truth of this statement

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is afforded by a report made by General Sherman of the War Department in 1878, in which he describes the Indian territory in 1868 as a huge area which provided grazing for millions of buffaloes, elk, antelopes, deer and other game. He goes on to say :

“ After riding through this region some ten or fifteen times since the date of the conclusion of peace at Fort Laramie, I can state from personal observation that whereas millions of buffaloes were still to be found in 1868 not a single one is to be seen to-day. The invasion of the frontier by the whites was immediately followed by the complete extirpation of the game.”

III. “ *Red Cloud* ”

The Treaty of Laramie itself, moreover, was only concluded with much difficulty. I must revert at this point to these difficulties, as they also are essential to the understanding of the warlike developments that followed.

The Commission, the composition of which I have already stated, was appointed by a resolution of Congress of the 20th July, 1867, for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians and began its labours in the following August. Messengers were at once despatched to the Dakota and Montana tribes to say that the Commission hoped to meet their plenipotentiaries at Fort Laramie on the 13th September. When the envoys of the Pale-faces arrived at the North Platte on the 11th September, 1867, they were met by the news that the Dacotas, who were then on the war-path in the neighbourhood of the Powder River, would be unable to reach Fort Laramie at the appointed time. The Commission thereupon

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adjourned the Conference till the 1st November. They duly arrived at the Fort and were greatly disappointed not to find my second chief, "Red Cloud," there.

"Red Cloud" at that time was the most influential chief among the Dacotas. He was suspicious, however, of the motives of the Government and was determined to take his time before making any sort of advances to the Pale-faces. He confined himself to sending a message that he was engaged in warlike operations on the Powder River with a view to keeping the whites away from the grazing land of the game in that region and that he would only bury the war hatchet if the military garrisons of Fort Phil Kearny in Wyoming and Fort S. C. Smith in Montana were withdrawn.

The answer to "Red Cloud" and his tribe was only despatched at the close of the year and was to the effect that the Commission would meet him next year, providing that hostilities were terminated in the meantime. "Red Cloud" agreed to this and promised to attend the negotiations in the spring or summer of 1868.

The Commission resumed its labours in the spring of 1868 and by the 29th April had drawn up the first draft of the treaty, which was signed by a number of chiefs and leaders of various sections. It took six months' continual parleying, however, to induce "Red Cloud" to agree to sign. Proceedings were adjourned time after time because "Red Cloud" declined to abate his demands. At last after having

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secured valuable concessions that were additional to those contained in the original draft, the most important of which conferred upon my people the exclusive right of hunting outside the Reservations, he informed the Commission that he was willing to sign. I myself advised him not to sign until he had been given the express assurance, independently of Article 16, that within ninety days of the conclusion of the treaty the white corps of occupation would be entirely withdrawn from the region in question and that the roads leading to the forts and the settlements of the Pale-faces in Montana would be closed.

“Red Cloud” refused to abate his demands by one jot or tittle until the forts had been evacuated and their garrisons withdrawn. He was still suspicious of the intentions of the Commission and demanded security for the fulfilment of their undertakings.

The word of the Pale-faces, I must tell you, was like the wind and had no value. They had violated too many treaties to be deserving of any confidence. We retained an only too vivid memory of “Red Cloud’s” experience in 1866.

It was in that year that Forts Phil Kearny and F. C. Smith were built in defiance of the protests of the Indians and a succession of messages on their part to the whites, warning them of their intention to offer resistance. The warnings were disregarded. The Government tried at first to avoid serious disturbances by means of diplomatic negotiations, but continued in the meantime to strengthen the forts.

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A Conference was held. Even then some of our chiefs were willing to conclude a treaty, but "Red Cloud" refused to take part in any further negotiations and retired from the Conference laying his hand on his rifle and stating as he did so :

"This weapon and the Great Spirit will protect my just cause."

The fires continued to smoulder and were to illuminate the death scene of many of our red heroes and of the Pale-faces.

One of the consequences was the incident of Fort Phil Kearny. A party from the garrison which had marched into the forest to fell timber for constructional purposes was attacked by "Red Cloud's" men under the command of a young warrior chief called "Crazy Horse." In spite of the arrival of another detachment from the fort under the command of Colonel Fetterman, the whole party, eighty-one strong, was surrounded and killed.

In 1868 "Red Cloud" again demanded the evacuation of these two military posts and refused to pledge himself in any way pending the withdrawal of the troops.

The Government at last decided to comply with his demands. The troops were withdrawn and the forts evacuated, and with them disappeared the last visible signs of the military occupation of these territories. "Red Cloud" then came to the fort and signed. His action nevertheless cost him his position as leader in the war and exposed him to severe criticism on the part of his followers.

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My tribes were bitterly opposed to any compromise and a great number of my chiefs refused to have any further dealings with him. They disliked the treaty in its actual form as it failed to offer them adequate guarantees.

“Red Cloud” in the meantime accepted the treaty at the cost of his leadership. He thereby practically signed his own death-warrant, for his influence declined from that moment. One heard less and less of him and other younger and more warlike chiefs such as “Gall,” “Black Moon,” “Crazy Horse,” and “Sitting Bull” and their like appeared upon the scene and supplanted the older chiefs.

The sun of “Red Cloud’s” warlike fame had indeed set, for never again did he lead his tribe into battle.

The Peace Commission began its labours in August, 1867, but it was not until November, 1868, that “Red Cloud” agreed to sign.

The treaty was in every respect a white man’s treaty. The Indians were expected thereafter to observe very strictly such conditions as were favourable to the interests of the Pale-faces. A very different practice was followed, however, when it came to respecting the rights which the treaty conferred upon the Indians.

IV. Violation of the Treaty by General Sheridan

The treaty had hardly been signed before the military authorities began to take measures which revived the hostility of the Indians and discredited

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the goodwill of the Pale-faces about which there had been so much talk.

The treaty was proclaimed by the President of the United States on the 24th February, 1869. Less than six months later, that is to say on the following 29th July, General Philip Sheridan issued an order that "although the Indians within their reservations were only amenable to their own authorities and jurisdiction, they were to be subjected solely to military control outside their well-defined areas and generally to be treated as enemies."

General Sheridan had served with great distinction in the Civil War. He was lacking, however, in the qualities of tact and diplomatic skill which go to the making of a perfect commander. When it was a question of hard fighting he was in his element, but diplomatic caution was not in his line.

It should be borne in mind that the execution of the conditions laid down by the Treaty of Laramie required very careful handling. In view of his advocacy of a policy of repression, it was a misfortune that Sheridan at that particular time should have been in command of a detachment of troops and have come into such frequent contact with the administration of Indian Affairs.

Indeed, his order of the 29th July must be regarded as an open challenge and a flagrant breach both of the letter and the spirit of the Treaty of Laramie, under which hunting within and outside the Reservation was considered to be not only the right but the duty of the Indians, with a view to enabling the

latter to get food and of relieving the Government, to that extent, of its duty of doing so.

Nor should it be forgotten that although General Sheridan at the time was in command of a body of troops, he was acting under the orders of General Sherman, who was in supreme command of the whole Missouri area and had also been one of the negotiators on behalf of the Government who were associated with the conclusion of peace at Fort Laramie. General Sherman indeed stated in his report of 1878, to which I have already referred, that he interpreted the treaty to mean that the Government was only bound to supply the Indians with a certain amount of food and that the game was to make up the balance. He added that the Commissioners of 1868 acted upon a similar assumption. In view of this fact it is hard to understand how permission was obtained for the promulgation of Sheridan's order, the effects of which, although not immediately apparent, were to be of a far-reaching character. In territories of such huge extent and under the conditions then prevailing, much time necessarily elapsed before the full results of such mistaken and unjust orders came to fruition. The troops of the Pale-faces themselves avoided to some extent attacking the hunting expeditions when the Indians were present in superior force. Of course occasional skirmishes took place in consequence of General Sheridan's order, when the Pale-faces found the Indians hunting outside their Reservations.

The sad part of the whole business was the fact

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that many of the redskins were unaware of the order and genuinely believed that they were merely exercising the right to hunt that had been conferred upon them by the Treaty of Laramie.

Other circumstances arose shortly afterwards which increased the tension that had been caused by the issue of this order, among which I would specially mention the invasion of our hunting territory by isolated settlers in defiance of the treaty and the slow but inevitable disappearance of the game that took place in consequence. Last of all came the gold rush, which not only entailed the subversion of every one of our rights, but to our utter despair brought us face to face with the dread spectre of starvation. Whereas the Government relied on the one hand upon our ability to procure our food by means of hunting, it took no steps on the other to put a stop to the slaughter and expulsion of the game.

A more or less accurate report of these circumstances by those who were in a position to know will be found in every official report that was issued between 1870 and 1875.

I remember reading one of these reports subsequently at Washington which contained the following significant passage :

“ A great shortage of food is perceptible. In many districts from which the game has been driven the Indians were carrying on a desperate fight with starvation. It is obvious that a nation will take up arms rather than let its women and children die of starvation.”

General Sheridan sought to justify the issue of

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his order on the ground that some of the Indian tribes had failed to accede to the Treaty of Laramie. It is essential to bear in mind the fact that the conditions prevailing in these huge territories were by no means uniform and that it is hardly possible to form an accurate idea of them even at the present day.

My white brothers know what confusion prevails in war-time and under war conditions. The Pale-faces regarded the country which was ours more or less as outpost territory. And at no two outposts were conditions similar. The attitude of the tribes also differed widely. They may be divided, roughly speaking, into two categories, viz. those who were friendly and hostile to the Government. By friendly I mean those who had signed the Treaty of Laramie and were living in the Reservations and who negotiated with the Government through the so-called agencies. The latter consisted of officials who acted under the Secretary of State for Indian Affairs and were distributed throughout the administrative posts that had been pushed forward like military outposts. They transmitted the information and the orders received from the Government and also conveyed the wishes of the Indians to Washington. They represented, in other words, what is now the “Indian Bureau” and were as unreliable, unfair, unjust and dishonest as their modern prototype. Standing Rock was one of the principal agencies. The friendly Indians were sometimes known as “Agency Indians.”

The other section of my people, including the

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Apaches, Comanches, and some of the Dakota tribes, were opposed to any compromise. They regarded the Pale-faces—and rightly so—as intruders. They declined to submit to dictation as to where they were to hunt for food for their tribes. You must not, however, infer from this statement that they were anxious to attack any Pale-faces as such whenever they met them. They only wanted to be let alone, but could make themselves very disagreeable if interfered with. They could not possibly, moreover, agree to confine themselves to hunting inside the Reservations, quite apart from the fact that they had none, owing to their failure to accede to the Treaty of Laramie.

Even friendly Indians such as the Arikaras, Mandans, Gros-Ventres, Assiniboinis, Blackfeet, Piegans, Crows, etc., were compelled, and under the Treaty of Laramie were allowed, to hunt outside the Reservations if the game happened to be there.

General Sheridan's order was therefore unfair to them in two respects, as they had observed the treaty which was being nullified by this decree. This ordinance was the main cause of the fresh trouble which arose and was a further proof of the manner in which the Pale-faces kept their treaties.

A further consequence of this foolish proceeding was the uneasiness and annoyance aroused by this threat of fresh hostilities among the so-called Agency Indians which induced them to steal away secretly from the territories in increasing numbers and join the hostile tribes.

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In a word, the existing confusion was rendered worse confounded.

Washington viewed the course of events with anxiety. In 1871 a number of Indian delegates were sent to Washington through the intervention of the Agencies to visit the great fathers. It was hoped that they would realize the enormous resources at the disposal of such an advanced civilization and would be favourably impressed in consequence.

I too was among those invited. I realized immediately that an attempt was about to be made to bring home to us the hopelessness of any further opposition. It was a sort of benevolent act of warfare undertaken with a view to sapping the fighting spirit of the Indians. Many chiefs accompanied me.

“Red Cloud” headed an imposing delegation of the Oglala-Sioux. “Spotted-Tail” appeared as head of a group of the Grules. There was a double delegation which consisted of fifteen Indians from the Grand Indian Agency area and of nineteen Indians from the neighbourhood of Fort Peck in Montana. Envoys also turned up from the Western and Northern hunting grounds.

It was a big assembly. Only one man failed to appear and withstood the temptation of being accompanied by an escort of honour through the territory of the Pale-faces and that was “Sitting Bull,” who stayed with his tribe in the Yellowstone district. We shall hear more about him.

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V. *Unfortunate action on the part of the Government*

Thus the year 1875 opened amid continuous disturbances and more or less important skirmishes.

In consequence of the discovery of gold, silver and copper in the Black Hills, the Government was very anxious to clear all the Indians out of that area in spite of the unsurpassed facilities it afforded us for grazing and hunting. As they seemed unable to achieve their purpose in legal fashion, by concluding new treaties and persuading the tribes to accede to them, they resorted to a method that was none the less cruel for being contrary to the treaty and supplemented General Sheridan's illegal order by the following measure. On the 6th December of that year the various Agencies of the Commission for Indian Affairs in Washington received orders

“to inform the group of Sitting Bull and other savage and lawless sections of the Sioux or Dakota Indians who were living outside the Reservations in Western Dakota and Eastern Montana—including the rich Yellowstone Valley and the country in the neighbourhood of the Powder River—that if they did not withdraw within the Reservations by the 31st January next and remain there, they would be considered as enemies and be treated by the military forces accordingly.”

It was difficult not to be sceptical as to the good faith of such a measure from the outset, for nobody who was at all acquainted with conditions in the West could fail to realize the impossibility of complying with such an order within the prescribed period. Matters, moreover, were not made any easier by the fact that a large number of Indians

from the Reservations, that is to say belonging to tribes friendly to the Government, were absent by permission of the administrative authorities, so to speak, on a hunting expedition at the time in the valley of the Powder River. There can be no doubt that their absence had been brought about by the Government simply because the Agencies had failed to provide them with sufficient food and supplies.

One of the agents had just reported that these very Indians had never previously been so quiet and peaceably inclined. This unfriendly action came therefore as a complete surprise, not only to myself, but to most of the Indians in the district.

It was impossible from the first to inform the absent tribes soon enough to enable them to return to the Reservations within the prescribed period. In the first place the order which was dated the 6th December only reached the Agencies on the 20th of that month. The Standing Rock Agency indeed only received it on the 22nd, that is to say, sixteen days after its issue.

The runners whom we sent out were delayed, moreover, by storms and sudden changes in the weather. Even they were unable to return by the appointed day, let alone tribes that were dispersed over a wide area.

It happened, too, that the winter was exceptionally severe and bitter. How then could the poor Indians possibly be expected, lacking in food and impeded as they were by the baggage of their wives and children, to journey hundreds of miles through

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a snow-covered, storm-beaten wilderness with the certainty of finding themselves short of food on their return ?

The more the order was discussed, the more deplorable was its effect both upon the friendly and the hostile Indians whose uneasiness and indignation were aroused to the uttermost.

The so-called Reservation Indians replied that at the moment they were busy hunting and were therefore unable to comply with the requests, but would anyhow return to their territory as soon as spring came on. This reply was received by the Government from the friendly tribes only: those which were looked upon as hostile vouchsafed no answer. Not a soul of course returned at the time prescribed by the order.

Notwithstanding the conciliatory tone of the reply of these Indians, the Commission for Indian Affairs would not learn reason, but reported the matter to the Secretary of State for the Interior, who immediately requested the military authorities to compel any roving Indians who might be encountered outside the boundaries of the Reservations after the 31st January, 1876, to withdraw within them. A more unfortunate measure can hardly be imagined, as it was bound to lead to a general war. It accordingly became obvious to the rest of the Indians that the violent opposition encountered by General Crooks when he set out in March, 1876, to drive in " Crazy Horse " and his party portended a struggle for life and death.

VI. “*Sitting Bull*”

The incident relating to “*Sitting Bull*” stands apart by itself. I would prefer therefore to insert it here and deal with it separately.

“*Sitting Bull*” denied in later years that he had ever been officially informed of the date in question. It is quite likely that he never received the news through an official messenger, though of course he was well aware of the issue of the order, which he only heard of by rumours that were in circulation round the camp fires and not from official sources. The Government messengers who were well acquainted with him and his fundamentally hostile attitude towards the Government were probably in no hurry to deliver him a message that was equivalent to a declaration of war.

The usages of war of the Indians differed from those in vogue among the Pale-faces, and it was very doubtful whether an envoy of the Pale-faces to the camp fire of “*Sitting Bull*” would have returned home with his scalp on his head.

There were not many Pale-faces who would deliberately have exposed themselves to a danger of this kind, and it is therefore very doubtful whether many of the hostile leaders, that is to say, the very people for whom the message was intended, ever received it through official channels, to say the least of it.

“*Sitting Bull*” was an object of particular dread. He belonged to the tribe of the Hunkpapasíowx and

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his features, save for their haughty air, remained entirely expressionless. His dark eyes looked fearlessly and contemptuously through his enemies as though they were non-existent. He was indeed a great chief and a proud son of the wilderness.

His death took place under circumstances which have not yet been cleared up on the 15th December, 1890, at his home on the Grand River in South Dakota, close to his birthplace. As far as I know he was suspected of conspiracy and was about to be arrested by men of his own race who by that time were doing police duty on behalf of the Government.

He met them unarmed and requested them to kill him, as he declined voluntarily to leave his home. What then happened I cannot tell, but I believe he committed suicide. He had too much pride to allow himself to be led away as a prisoner by the warriors of his own nation. Nothing could be got out of the Indians who had been sent to arrest him beyond the statement that "Sitting Bull" had departed for the Everlasting Hunting Grounds.

VII. *A cruel and unsuccessful Expedition*

Hostilities were opened by General Crook, who set out from Fort Fetterman in Wyoming on the 1st March, 1876, to make war against "Crazy Horse" and his tribe in compliance with the orders of the Secretary of State for the Interior.

Crook was a well-known and successful of r

who had distinguished himself in many a fight with the Indians.

It was his skilful conduct of a campaign against the Piutes in Idaho in 1866 and '67, in which the latter were compelled to lay down their arms, that induced General Grant, the then President of the United States, to select him in 1869 out of a number of generals to command the troops who were to deal with the dangerous Apaches in Arizona. After carrying out his task with rapidity and efficiency, Crook had been transferred from Arizona to command on the Platte, and his headquarters were at Omaha when the decision was made to settle up once and for all with the Indians outside the Reservations.

He was a man of action, of an earnest and calm disposition and as gnarled as an old oak. It is related of him that no officer of equal standing ever issued so few written orders or instructions. He was very experienced in every kind of warfare. The Apaches said of him that he was more of an Indian than a Pale-face.

During his previous campaign in Arizona he had effected changes in his system of supply which amounted to a revolution. His baggage column, unlike those of other American generals, was extraordinarily mobile. He formed a body of specially trained mules and a corps of expert packers. The long columns of mules followed the bell of the leading animal without any trouble and the drivers had no difficulties with slipping saddles or burst girths. He devoted also special attention to the

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winter equipment of his troops. The winter of 1876, as I have said, was terribly cold. His cavalry were supplied with woollen socks as well as with long thick stockings which were pulled over the former and reached to the knees. He had Indian moccasins made of deerskin with cork soles as being lighter and warmer than boots, over which fur-lined boots made of buffalo hide were worn so as almost to cover the entire leg. The upper part of the body was protected by a woollen shirt, a blouse of double thickness and a jacket of Norwegian elk hide. The cavalrymen were provided with caps of thick fur with woollen ear protectors, and very deep fur collars to keep off the icy cold of the winter. Woollen gloves backed with beaver-skin completed the equipment.

His expeditionary force consisted of ten cavalry detachments and two companies of infantry with eighty-six teams of mules and another column of four hundred mules that were heavily laden with forage and provisions.

Crook followed the old trail which led north-west.

On the 16th March his advanced guard met with two Indians who had apparently been hunting and looked on at the troops as they marched by with the utmost interest. The general ordered his troops to halt and pitch camp with a view to deceiving the two spies as to his intentions and giving them the impression that the troops were on their way to the Yellowstone Valley and were not going to worry about following up the track of the young

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Indians. Shortly after the disappearance of the latter, Crook issued operation orders to the following effect: Colonel Reynolds with six detachments of cavalry was to follow the trail of the two Indians. Reynolds was told that if the trail led to a settlement he was to attack it, but that otherwise he was to rejoin Crook by a given time.

Reynolds started on his night march about 5 p.m. His task was a hard one. Not only was the weather icy cold, but the absence of any moon rendered progress through a mountainous district that was intersected by many ravines and, moreover, was unfamiliar to his men, exceedingly difficult.

They were liable to be surprised at any moment as they were now in the very country outside the Reservation where the infuriated Indians were certain to attack them. Their mounts were continually falling about on the slippery ground or floundering in deep snow. The march would have been a laborious one under any circumstances. Whenever the troops were halted in order to prevent them treading on the heels of the scouts, the rank and file showed a dangerous inclination to lie down and sleep, which caused great anxiety to the officers, who realized the danger of their being frozen to death as they slept. Towards daybreak a scout returned and reported that a large Indian village had been sighted in a small valley two or three miles distant. Reynolds decided to attack at once. He divided the troops into three bodies. The centre was to march straight upon the village

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and attack it before the suspicions of the Indians were aroused, and were above all to get hold of the Indian horses so as to prevent the flight of the enemy. The other two detachments were to surround the enemy on either side. The centre party advanced with every precaution.

Upon reaching a bend in the ravine through which they had to march in order to reach the village, the valley suddenly widened and to their surprise and chagrin a young warrior was seen standing at the edge of the clearing, who was apparently expecting them and was following their movements with the utmost attention. Their hope of advancing unperceived and surprising the enemy had now been foiled. The whereabouts of the village was indicated by a small column of smoke that was rising from one of the wigwams not far away from the Indian, but no other sign of life was visible. The ground in front of the village was covered for some depth with undergrowth that was only broken at intervals by oak-trees bare of any foliage. It was on the hither side of this undergrowth, immediately in front of them, that the young Indian was standing utterly motionless, having obviously grasped the situation.

Suddenly the savage war-cry of the Sioux echoed again and again through the valley. It was a boyish cry, shrill, clear and piercing.

Faced with certain death the brave lad rendered his people a last service by calling them to arms. An arrow pierced his throat almost before the cry was uttered and the fight began. The Indians

swarmed out of their village quick as lightning, taking cover behind rocks and trees. They at once as usual opened fire upon the troops, concentrating wisely upon the horses as they realized that each wounded horse meant a soldier the less to deal with.

At first they appeared to have the advantage as they could see the enemy, whereas the vision of the soldiers as they advanced was impeded by trees and rocks and later on by the wooden wigwams. Matters became so serious that the soldiers were compelled to adapt their tactics to those of the Indians and dismount and shoot from behind cover. In a short time, however, the other detachments attacked upon either flank and the position of the Indians became momentarily more desperate. Suddenly one of the wooden houses went up in flames and the fire spread to the whole village. That was a fearful blow to the Indians as it involved the loss of their clothes, provisions, ammunition and equipment, besides exposing their wives and children to imminent danger. The Indians, moreover, at this season were not expecting to be attacked and their goods and chattels were all in their winter quarters and not hidden outside the settlement as was usually the case during hostilities: consequently some of the most marvellous garments of buffalo, elk and bear-skin, that were richly embroidered as well as adorned with all kinds of symbolical paintings, fell a prey to the flames. Not a tent but contained the most beautiful thick hides and furs as well as a number of the woven baskets that were used for the transport of food.

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The village consisted of one hundred and five wigwams and lay in a pretty valley that was sheltered from the wind by plantations of cotton-trees that afforded good protection for their horses and cattle, and was a good example of our winter quarters in those days. It was a fortified camp, it is true, but one that was inhabited by women and children. It was the home of all therein in the truest sense of the word, the family sanctuary upon which the blessing of the Great Manitoo had been invoked, that was now in flames. It was their only earthly possession and nothing could justify its destruction by the Pale-faces who fought three to one.

You may perhaps, my white brothers, be able to imagine the feelings of the Indians at being suddenly fallen upon in the midst of their peaceful existence and being deprived in a moment of all that made life worth living.

The sight must have been unnerving even for the iron-hearted Indian and have suggested to him the advisability of surrender.

Nothing of the sort, however, occurred. The war-like blood of my red brethren was aroused and they realized to a man that they had got to fight to the death. It happened that this particular village was the home of "Crazy Horse," the boldest and most skilful warrior of the countryside. Thanks to his brilliant leadership, the Indians were able to maintain the fight. They varied their position, flitting hither and thither, retiring towards the flanks and then concentrating and swarming for-

ward in loose formation to deliver an unerring volley of arrows before resuming cover. The white soldiers and even the officers began to be apprehensive of the savagery and skill of such a foe. It was as if some wild wasps' nest had been disturbed and its denizens were streaming out to avenge their injury. They were unable to obtain a breathing space even by attacking, for the Indians had retired in open formation long before the whites could launch a counter-attack. Again and again did the dreaded chief "Crazy Horse," the incarnation of unconquerable strength, lead his warriors to the attack. I myself had created him chief three years previously. The terrible cold which was such a handicap to the Pale-faces did not seem to affect him in the slightest. He was in his element in a desperate struggle of this kind. The rapidity with which he issued his orders and the encouragement he gave his followers acted as an incentive to them to emulate his extraordinary deeds.

Never had Reynolds on any of his expeditions encountered an adversary like this who could maintain a contest under such unequal conditions. The fight, however, continued and did honour to the reputation of the chief, for he actually succeeded in putting the Pale-faces to flight.

He won the battle, although the village was in flames and the Pale-faces had three times as many warriors as the reds.

The military reports, I regret to say, are rather reticent upon the subject of this engagement and

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try to create the impression that the Indians suffered a defeat.

The success of " Crazy Horse " is proved, however, by certain facts that cannot be denied.

Not only did the Indians force Reynolds to retire, but they continued to press his troops hard after they had united with the main body under Crook. Again and again did they deliver their peculiar attacks, only to retire again immediately. They captured a quantity of horses which they badly needed and also carried out a successful *coup de main* against the baggage column, which resulted in the seizure of a herd of cattle that was intended for the use of the soldiers.

The expedition then began a retreat in the course of which the soldiers were compelled to eat their horses in order not to die of hunger. Many of them were suffering from frostbite, and the wounded were only brought in with difficulty. It was a vanquished force and one that was sadly diminished by casualties that reached its winter quarters at Fort Fetterman. The whole incident was an unquestionable triumph for " Crazy Horse " and caused a great sensation in the United States.

The gravity of the defeat was proved by the fact that many soldiers and even some of the officers were accused of showing cowardice in the face of the enemy and were tried by court martial.

VIII. *The Yellowstone Expedition*

After the failure of General Crook's expedition in March, the military authorities determined to pro-

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ceed on more systematic lines and to send out a much bigger expeditionary force composed of three separate detachments. Two columns were formed, one of which was made up of troops from Dakota and Montana, under the command of General Alfred H. Terry, and the other of troops from Wyoming, under the command of Crook.

We will first of all follow up the movements of General Crook. He set out again on the 26th May, 1876, and on the 17th June encountered the Indians who were commanded by “Crazy Horse.” A fight took place on the Rosebud River in Montana which was important to the extent that Crook’s forces were thereby prevented from joining those of General Custer, one of Terry’s subordinates, who was compelled to fight the disastrous action on the Little Big Horn a week later.

The Indians under “Crazy Horse” were again considerably outnumbered by the Pale-faces under Crook. The force at the disposal of the latter amounted to about two thousand men, whereas the Indians at the most were only one thousand two hundred and fifty strong. According to the report of Captain T. G. Bourke, Crook’s force, apart from minor casualties, lost seventy-five men killed or severely wounded. The third Regiment of Light Cavalry which suffered the most had nine killed and two wounded. Among the latter was the commanding officer, Colonel G. V. Henry, whose life was for some time in danger. It was thought at first that he would lose the sight of both eyes.

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as to the manner in which he desires the latter to be executed, unless you see good reason to depart from his wishes.

In his opinion you should follow up the Rosebud until the direction of the above-mentioned trail has been ascertained with certainty. If it leads towards the Little Big Horn (as there is every likelihood of its doing) you are nevertheless to continue your advance southwards, till you reach approximately the source of the Tongue River and only then proceed towards the Little Horn, reconnoitring continually to your left in the meantime in order to prevent any Indians who might be tempted to go round your left flank, from escaping in a southerly or south-easterly direction.

Colonel Gibbons' detachment is now on the march towards the mouth of the Big Horn. Immediately upon his arrival there he will cross the Yellowstone River and advance at anyrate as far as the confluence of the Big and Little Horn Rivers. His subsequent movements will naturally depend upon circumstances. It is hoped, however, that the Indians on the Little Horn will be surrounded by both detachments in such a manner as to render their escape impossible.

The officer in command of the Department desires you to reconnoitre very carefully the upper part of Tullock Creek during your march along the Rosebud, and to get into touch with Colonel Gibbons' detachment by means of your scouts, and inform him of the results of your investigations. The lower portion of Tullock Creek will be reconnoitred by Colonel Gibbons' detachment.

The auxiliary steamer will proceed up the Big Horn as far as the fork, if the river appears navigable. The officer in command of the Department (who is with Colonel Gibbons' detachment) desires to receive your report before the expiration of the period for which your troops have received supplies, unless in the meantime you receive orders to the contrary.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

ED. W. SMITH,

Captain 18th Regiment of Infantry, A.A.A.G.
To Colonel G. A. CUSTER,
7th Regiment of Cavalry.

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In compliance with his orders, Custer marched up the river and reached the trail of the Indians at a spot twenty miles from its mouth. He followed it up, and on the 24th reached the point where it branched off from the Rosebud River in the direction of the Little Big Horn as General Terry had anticipated. According to his instructions, Custer should now have quitted the trail and continued to march southwards in the absence of serious reasons to the contrary. In his impetuosity, however, he did not hesitate for a moment to follow up the trail, although there was no valid reason for departing from his orders which in this particular were categorical.

Neither can there be any doubt as to the categorical nature of General Terry's request that he should reconnoitre Tullock Creek. Custer, however, neither troubled to do so, nor did he send a messenger to inform Colonel Gibbons of the result of his reconnaissance as he had been ordered to do. It was true that Tullock Creek harboured no Indians, but even so, it was important for General Terry to be informed of the fact. The latter, moreover, waited in vain throughout the whole of the night of Saturday, the 25th June, for a message from Custer which never arrived. Headquarters were accordingly not even aware that Custer was actually following up the trail. It was essential that Custer's and Gibbons's detachments should both arrive on the probable scene of action on the Little Horn simultaneously. Terry's calculation that Gibbons's detachment would reach the mouth of the Little Big Horn on the 26th June

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was quite correct. As a matter of fact it actually arrived there at 9 p.m. on the 26th June after a forced march over ground which, as General Terry rightly prognosticated, was some of the most difficult in America and was still accordingly separated by about five miles from Custer's position on the Little Big Horn on that day.

The effect of Custer's act of disobedience was to shorten his march by about fifty miles and to involve him prematurely in an action.

The following extract is taken from an entry for the 25th June in the diary of Lieutenant James H. Bradley, who was in command of the scouts of Gibbons's detachment.

"Although according to General Terry's expectations, we ought to catch up the Sioux simultaneously so as to be able to afford one another mutual assistance, Custer is at liberty, if he arrives first, to attack by himself provided he exercises the necessary caution. We have accordingly but little hope of being able to intervene in time as Custer will unquestionably do his utmost to arrive first and reap the laurels for himself and his regiment."

This remark hits the nail on the head and explains Custer's behaviour.

Custer's scouts were commanded by a magnificent soldier called Charlie Reynolds, whom I knew very well. He was a very inconspicuous personage, for he possessed the golden virtue of holding his tongue. I nicknamed him "Lonesome Charlie." When it came to scouting, hunting and tracking, however, he was of the bravest. He was a dead shot, and his knowledge of the habits of wild beasts was remarkable. My Indian tribesmen called him "The white hunter

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who never hunts in vain.” He wore his hair long and did not dress in the deerskin costume that was considered so romantic in those days, or a belt full of revolvers, etc. He loathed affectation of any kind.

He and Custer both took part in the expedition to the Black Hills in 1874.

The Indians were very disagreeably impressed by this expedition and viewed every movement of the troops with suspicion. When Custer had finished his report on the result of his investigations, he called for volunteers to take the message a distance of one hundred and fifty miles to Fort Laramie in Wyoming as he was unwilling to order anyone to undertake so dangerous a duty. None of the soldiers, however, seemed anxious to undertake such an adventurous job. Reynolds, who was sitting by him, then said quite quietly : “ I’ll go, General.”

Custer hesitated, as Reynolds was not an enlisted soldier. He was a civilian employee of the Government at the time and Custer did not consider it right to entrust a civilian with such a dangerous task, although he was well aware of Reynolds’s abilities as a scout and guide. Reynolds, however, merely repeated laconically : “ General, I’ll take the despatch to Laramie.” That was all.

Reynolds declined Custer’s offer of a small escort of soldiers, saying as he did so : “ The more we are, the greater the danger of discovery. The success of the undertaking depends upon my avoiding the Indians.”

At nightfall Reynolds quietly mounted and started on his long journey through practically unknown

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country that was swarming with hostile Sioux. He rode by night and lay up hidden during the daytime. He turned up at the gates of Fort Laramie on the dawn of the fourth day, leading his exhausted mount by the bridle. The fearful heat and the shortage of water had been too much for him and his horse. His neck and tongue were so swollen that he was incapable of speech ; he had none the less, however, carried out his mission.

After a short rest he returned to Fort Lincoln. It was only months afterwards that Custer heard of the difficulties Reynolds had had to overcome and then only through a report from the Commandant of Fort Laramie. Nobody will ever hear of the details of that ride, for Lonesome Charlie loathed self-advertisement.

This was the man, then, who accompanied Custer as chief of his scouts. He happened to be familiar with the Yellowstone district from various expeditions in which he had taken part with Stanley in the years 1872 and 1875. Colonel Gibbons, moreover, had supplied him with another most excellent guide named Bouyer, who had been trained by me. The latter was sadly missed by Gibbons's detachment on the 25th June when it lost its way in very difficult, mountainous country that was intersected by deep ravines, a circumstance which probably prevented it arriving earlier and joining Custer in time.

IX. The Battle on the Little Big Horn

The circumstances under which the awful massacre, known as the battle on the Little Big Horn

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or Custer's battle, took place, have hitherto been surrounded in mystery, for not a single one of Custer's five thousand men escaped to tell the tale. We shall never, moreover, really know the strength of the Indians by whom they were opposed. There appears to me, at any rate, to be no doubt that the trail followed up by Custer was not made by the party of Indians by whom Crook had been compelled to retreat a few days previously. There must therefore have been two considerable bodies of Indians, at the very least, which joined forces on the Little Big Horn and set a trap for Custer.

We found out subsequently that the trail followed up by Custer gave every indication of having been made by a force of one thousand five hundred Indians, although I do not believe that it consisted of more than one thousand two hundred and fifty, which was the strength of "Crazy Horse's" party. The total Indian force cannot, therefore, have amounted to more than three thousand men. Custer, in assuming as he probably did that his five thousand men would be able to deal with any party he might encounter, underrated the fighting qualities and the tactics of my red brothers. Of what use were five thousand men if they could not be deployed and were exposed to the fire of an invisible foe?

It is improbable that my estimate of the number of Indians was exceeded, for the simple reason that the Indian leaders, without exception, were averse to bringing too many warriors into action

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as not being conducive to mobility. The tactics of my red brothers were to outflank the enemy at a distance and approach him at various points under cover of rocks and trees, discharge their arrows or rifles and then retire.

The chiefs "Gall," "Crazy Horse" and "Rain in the Face" were the principal leaders of the Indians. I discussed the affair with all three subsequently. When I said just now that the course of the battle was a mystery, I was speaking from the point of view of the whites. The three chiefs told me what occurred and I am going now for the first time to give a detailed account of the action.

The trail followed by Custer was made by the chiefs "Gall" and "Rain in the Face." It had been arranged by messengers and scouts that they were to join the Indians under "Crazy Horse" on the Little Big Horn. When their spies brought the news that Custer was in pursuit, a message was sent to "Crazy Horse's" party requesting them to accelerate their march. Concentration had not yet taken place when Custer, instead of proceeding southwards, began to follow up the trail, but was effected shortly afterwards. The three chiefs at once decided upon their plan of campaign. The Indians whose track Custer was following were ordered to reduce their speed and to render their trail as conspicuous as possible, while the others retired to the flanks, thus completely surrounding the valley where it widened, into which Custer, as it were, was to be enticed. As soon as he arrived,

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the trail of the Indians in front of him ceased abruptly, the Indians in front of him being immediately distributed right and left, so as to join hands in a wide circle with “ Crazy Horse’s ” men and completely shut in the valley.

In the meantime evening had come on, and as the trail had been lost, Custer decided to encamp after throwing outposts at some distance ahead. The Indians left him alone and did nothing to excite his suspicions. It was not until dawn of the 26th June that with loud war-cries they advanced to the attack. The outposts were cut down before the panic-stricken and sleepy inmates of the camp could realize what had happened. Custer began to retire towards the mouth of the valley in order to clear his rear before accepting battle. His troops, however, had scarcely begun to move, when they were attacked from behind. The yelling Indians kept on advancing and retiring on every side, thus causing great confusion among the whites who felt that they were surrounded and could find no cover. In less than an hour they were all shot down, and the survivors killed in a final onslaught. All but Custer lost their scalps.

I shall revert to this matter presently, but before doing so will describe to my white brothers what I saw upon the battlefield.

I was not present at the action as I was serving as chief scout or tracker under General Terry at the time.

At 2 a.m. on the 27th, that is to say nearly twenty-

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four hours after the battle, a messenger rushed in and reported that Custer and his three regiments had been destroyed on the Little Big Horn. We at once marched towards the Little Horn and reached the battlefield at 4.30 p.m. The sight that met us was a terrible one, even to so hardened a warrior as myself.

The Pale-faces were lying in thousands in heaps on the ground and a deathly silence prevailed. Not a single warrior stirred. Birds of prey were circling overhead. There were a great many dead horses on the field, the others having been taken away as booty. The only living creature to be seen far and wide was a fine and noble-looking grey horse that, in spite of being pierced by seven arrows, was still standing all of a tremble on his four legs amid the dead. He was grazing, notwithstanding the pain he must have been suffering and the loss of so much blood. As I rode up to him he gave a feeble whinny. I said to my comrades: "Let us pull out the arrows and see if we can save him." I then rubbed some vegetable ointment into his wounds. He thanked me by nuzzling my cheek. I took him away and christened him "Comanche." He had belonged previously to Captain Keogh of the First Company.

We had to pitch our camp close by as Terry's and Gibbons's men were anxious to bury their dead comrades. Every one of them had been scalped except General Custer, who was lying a little apart under a tree with a bullet through his head. We stayed there

for four weeks and three days, during the whole of which time I treated Comanche with a herbal mixture and washed his wounds daily. This grey horse was to become very famous. Shortly afterwards I was sent to Topeka in Texas, where I handed him over to the Government. He had attained such a sad celebrity owing to his having survived this terrible battle that people came to see him from every part of the United States, Canada and Mexico. He was trained to carry a side saddle and a great many ladies used to ride him. Being Government property as well as such a favourite with the ladies, he was given four attendants to groom and feed him.

One day, however, the Governor found several ladies quarrelling as to which of them should ride him first, and therefore decided to turn him out to grass and allow him to spend the rest of his days in peace. He survived the battle for thirty years. As his teeth showed him to be seven years old when I found him, he lived to be thirty-seven years old.

The Indians captured an enormous amount of booty after the battle in the shape of horses, powder, rifles, pistols and clothing, as well as large supplies of buffalo meat.

My white brothers will naturally be shocked at the cruelty displayed in this battle and historians will describe it as an instance of Indian savagery and cruelty. They will, however, make no allowance for the pitch of desperation to which the Indians had been wrought, or for the destruction of an entire

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Indian village by General Crook, or for the other cruelties that have been practised by the whites upon our poor people for several centuries.

I would only refer to the attack made by the cavalry of Colorado under Colonel Chivington at San Springs in Colorado in 1872, which I have passed over previously, owing to the impossibility of dealing with every single event which occurred during all these years. This attack, which took place four years previously to the battle, almost to a day, was one of the most barbarous massacres in Indian history. Notwithstanding the Peace of Lar-amie, these Indians and their chief "Black Kettle" were massacred not when on the war-path, but while living peaceably in their village, in consequence of General Sheridan's foolish and illegal order.

Old men, women and children as well as warriors were ruthlessly slaughtered in spite of their appeals for mercy. The whole country, Pale-faces as well as Indians, protested most violently against this outrage, which was known as the Chivington massacre.

Can you be surprised, my white brothers, if the Indians showed no mercy to their enemies in lawful combat when such deeds were perpetrated by the Pale-faces in time of peace?

Custer, moreover, was the special object of their hatred. He had stated that the Indians must be extirpated. He had committed so many atrocities in the past that now he and his men had to pay the penalty.

X. General Custer

General Custer's death in particular is surrounded with mystery. My white brothers will no doubt have been surprised that he alone was not scalped.

My chiefs told me afterwards that he was not killed but committed suicide, and no Indian will take the scalp of a foe who has not been honourably conquered in battle.

Something else happened to Custer, something which the whites perhaps hushed up because they could not understand it. He had a deep wound in his left side. Perhaps the wound excited no attention on the assumption that it had been received in battle, a theory which afforded no solution of his not being scalped, which he undoubtedly would have been had he been killed by an Indian in action.

In any case, I know what happened to him. The chief “Rain in the Face” tore out his heart. “Rain in the Face” was a bitter personal enemy of Custer. I nicknamed him thus when he was made chief on account of his habit of weeping when in a rage. At such moments it was as well to avoid him.

Custer hated “Rain in the Face.” He hunted him whenever he got a chance and had threatened his life on countless occasions.

“Rain in the Face,” on the other hand, had not forgotten the Chivington murders. He happened to be in Colorado shortly after the massacre, and when he found the bodies of the Indians mutilated in a manner that would have caused African savages

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to blush, he swore he would have his revenge, a revenge which he took by cutting out his enemy's heart when he found that the latter, by committing suicide, had ceased to be a foe worthy of his steel. Holding aloft the bloody heart he uttered his war-cry :

“ Yea—He—Ho. Yea—He—Ho. Yea—He—Ho.”

A cry that was taken up by thousands of his red brethren, who kept up their war dance far into the night, upon the battlefield where not a single white man remained alive.

What sort of a man, you may ask, was Custer? He was an American cavalry officer who was thirty-seven years old when the Civil War broke out. He was a very talented but ruthless soldier who never gave quarter to the Indians. He played an important part in the battle on the Washita River in Oklahoma, subsequently to which Chivington, as I have said, destroyed the village of the Cheyenne Indians.

It was he who in 1873, with the 7th cavalry and other regiments, took part in General Stanley's expedition of exploration to the Yellowstone territory which earned him the hatred of every single Indian inhabitant of those free hunting grounds.

It was he again who in 1874 led a prospecting expedition to the Black Hills, right into the heart of the Indian country, thereby committing another breach of the Treaty of Laramie of the most serious character.

He had thus come to be one of the most detested

generals of the Pale-faces, and the joy of the Indians in the neighbourhood at his defeat on the Little Big Horn was very great.

XI. *The Death of “ Crazy Horse ”*

The chief command in the battle on the Little Big Horn was held by chief “ Gall.” He was a man of very remarkable appearance, of gigantic stature, with very noble and clear-cut features that bespoke invincible courage and stoic reserve. He was equally efficient as a diplomatist and as a commander.

Nevertheless he was not so suited for leadership as my best chief, “ Crazy Horse,” and was only given the command in the battle because so many tribes were assembled on the battlefield and he was accounted the best warrior of his tribe. The Little Big Horn was really in “ Sitting Bull’s ” sphere of influence. The latter, however, was not present at the battle as he was engaged with General Terry, and “ Crazy Horse ” arrived somewhat late upon the scene after defeating General Crook.

Nevertheless it would have been better for the Indians if “ Crazy Horse ” had been given the supreme command, as he would have lost no time in at once attacking Gibbons’s and Reynolds’s detachments, both of which would probably have met with Custer’s fate.

Chief “ Gall ” ought at once to have adopted this plan after Custer’s defeat, but his warriors had got somewhat out of hand and he could not induce them

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to leave the battlefield or to stop their wild dances of thanksgiving. The command had only been conferred upon him for the duration of the battle and was lacking in the requisite authority.

“ Crazy Horse ” was by far the more competent of the two. He showed indeed, at the battle on the Rosebud, how an apparent disaster can be retrieved by circumspection and valour and turned into victory. I would not have given much for the chances of Gibbons and Reynolds if “ Crazy Horse ” had had the command. The scalps of both of them would probably have hung at his belt. I had known “ Crazy Horse ” since his boyhood. His men would have gone through fire and water for him. When he was leading a charge none of his warriors was allowed to ride ahead of him. His one desire was to be foremost in action as he was in the Great Council. I have never met an Indian who knew “ Crazy Horse ” but spoke with the greatest respect of him.

He also died a violent death after the final conclusion of peace in 1876, under circumstances which have never been entirely cleared up. His death took place at Fort Robinson on the 5th September, 1877.

The Government was still very uneasy just then. Rumours were circulating of unrest among his tribe and it was anxious to seize him and hold him as a hostage.

As no white soldier dared to lay hands upon him in the midst of his tribe, a message was sent to him requesting him to come to Fort Robinson. “ Crazy

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Horse,” suspecting nothing, complied with this request and arrived armed with nothing but his tomahawk.

It was not until he was inside the fort that the guard tried to seize and imprison him. So desperate was his resistance that he was able for some time to keep twenty-five white soldiers at bay. Quick as lightning and sinuous as an eel, he broke away from the four men who held him, and rushing among the guard and seizing one of the white soldiers by the belt used him, thanks to his colossal strength, as a shield against the rest. It is stated that he was shot from behind in the course of this unequal contest. The incident was a very unpleasant one for the Government and was in consequence never entirely cleared up.

His body was handed over to his people for burial. When I heard that he had entered the Everlasting Hunting Grounds, I stood in front of my wigwam and looking up at the stars hailed him with all the respect of which my soul, heart and body were capable of expressing. He was one of the bravest of the brave and a man of enormous personality.

He owed his name to the circumstance that at the time his mother was lifting him out of the water after baptism, she espied a pony galloping madly through the village and lashing out with all fours as it did so.

In the tongue of the Dacotas he was called Tas-Hun-Ca-Uit-Co.

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XII. *The Burial of the War Hatchet*

The battle on the Little Big Horn was the last important action that took place between the Pale-faces and the redskins. It was a good lesson for the former as it brought them to their senses for a time and made them see the danger of treating the Indians too ruthlessly, although even then the latter were looked upon less as hunters than as animals to be hunted.

The redskins, on the other hand, were anxious lest the military authorities should undertake a campaign of revenge on a large scale in which the Indians were bound to come off worst in the long run.

Both sides accordingly were disposed to come to a settlement. President Grant obtained the permission of Congress to send a Commission to the West to negotiate with the tribes.

The Indians summoned a great Council which was attended by nearly all the leading chiefs, with the exception, as I have said, of "Sitting Bull" and "Gall."

Our conditions were propounded as the result of a long and earnest discussion. Negotiations went more smoothly on this occasion with the Pale-faces, some of whom apparently were inclined to sympathize with our poor maltreated and persecuted people.

They laid stress of their own accord in their report upon the dignified and polite reception given them by the Indians and upon the friendly manner

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in which their proposals were received. They stated, however, that they were much surprised by the complete lack of confidence evinced by the chiefs in their sincerity.

I incidentally took part in this discussion and tried in a long speech to explain the unfairness with which we had been treated for several centuries. I made the envoys realize the number of treaties that had been concluded and subsequently broken, and poured out to them my indignation and my anxieties.

I spoke with such earnestness and solemnity that the envoys seemed utterly taken aback and listened to my irrefutable accusations in shame-faced silence, and finally gave us the guarantees we demanded of them.

I am convinced that these men personally were quite sincere in their attitude and were animated by the most honourable intentions, a feeling perhaps that was shared by the other great chiefs and induced them to accept the proposal to bury the war hatchet for good and all.

Then came the day on which I began my solemn and official ride to Washington in order to accomplish the symbolical rite of burying beneath the steps of the White House the tomahawk, that weapon which the Indian had so bravely and honourably wielded throughout the ages.

CHAPTER XIX

THE "WILD WEST"

PEACE should have now ensued between my people and the Pale-faces. The treaties secured to us, as far as was still possible, certain territories in which we were safe from the encroachments of the Pale-faces. My people for the most part could have managed to live on the allowances of money and food that had been agreed upon. We had lost the Wild West of old times, it is true, but we still possessed a home, small by comparison, but yet our own.

As it happened, however, things turned out differently. Whereas formerly the words "Wild West" signified the lovely, glorious, free and virgin wilderness, our home now became for the first time a "wild" West but in a very different sense of the word. It became the "Wild West" not of the Redskins but of the Pale-faces, whose murders, homicides, swindlings and frauds turned the place into a hell peopled by evil spirits.

Half the world had gone mad with gold fever. And now they poured down upon us with their revolvers in their belts, by ones and twos, it is true, and yet like some huge, destructive wave, in their wagons, on horseback, and even on foot, in

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defiance of the treaties of their own Government that were intended for our protection, flooding the whole of the country that still remained to us—adventurers from every corner of the globe and the scum of humanity.

Whereas in the early days of the colonization of the East Coast the whites, generally speaking, owned to some sort of discipline (although they, too, broke every treaty they concluded with us), this army of fortune-seekers and treasure-hunters invaded the lovely spaces of our beautiful wilderness, disturbing its silence with the noise of their quarrels, their gambling, their dancing and wild carouses. Every one of these fortune-seekers was armed to the teeth, as they carried their lives in their hands. To be in the right you had to get your shot in first. You can well imagine, my friends, the cruelty, ruthlessness and bloodthirstiness shown by them in their dealings with the poor Indians in view of their cruelty and ruthlessness towards one another.

The broad spaces of our lovely home gradually became the scene of a fight of all against all. The worst feature of these events was the rapidity with which they happened.

The gold-seekers arrived escorted by hordes of dancing girls and the scum that lived on the former. In the twinkling of an eye huge encampments sprang up with liquor shops, grocery and general stores. As the tents were replaced by wooden huts the encampments began to assume the appearance of towns.

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In those days you could leave a small camp of gold-seekers and find a small town there upon your return four weeks later.

I could tell you a hundred different stories illustrative of those days, but I should bore you were I to do so. Besides, there are lots of books in existence that are full of so-called stories of the Wild West, and in any case the fortunes of my poor people were only indirectly affected by them.

I should like, however, to tell you one story as it breathes the spirit of this curious age of adventure and depicts conditions as they really were in all their nakedness.

Calamity Jane was the name of the heroine of this tale and her career was as strange and full of adventure as the story I am about to relate.

CHAPTER XX

THE STORY OF CALAMITY JANE¹

I SHOULD like to tell you a little story about one of the most remarkable women of her time in the great West. She was leader of the "camp followers," for the women in the great West had come from the dancing halls.

In the great West of those days, before building had begun and the covered wagons or prairie schooners as they were called began to arrive, every man had to shift for himself. The man who could draw his six-shooter quickest and kill his adversary was left in peace by his acquaintances till some one turned up who could pull off quicker. They used, too, to cut a notch in the butt of their pistol for every man they killed.

Well, the chief figures in this story were Jane Dalton, or Calamity Jane as she was called, and her two lovers, Wild Bill Hickock or "Wild Bill" as he was called, and my friend and brother Buffalo

¹ This story, which filled twenty pages, was written out by the Big Chief White Horse Eagle himself. I have therefore reproduced it word for word, as he gave it, in order to preserve his style in all its originality and as affording an authentic example of the views of an Indian who is one hundred and seven years old and of the way in which he expresses them.

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Bill whom I had brought up and had taught to shoot, ride and to scout and to be an honest man. And an honest man he always was and a faithful friend to all his friends. I knew them all as boys and girls.

Well, the women in those early days, the camp followers I mean, were creatures from dancing halls and similar places. The word "creatures" sounds humiliating and is calculated to produce an impression which is far from my intentions. Nevertheless they were "creatures," in consequence of the wickedness of the men. I knew them for what they were. But you may say what you like, they played a necessary part in those days. The history of life on the frontier cannot be written without some mention of the dancing-hall girls.

Some of them were good for nothing. Many of them were of good family and had been well brought up. The majority of them had taken up the life owing to some disillusionment, and once caught in its toils, were unable to extricate themselves. The dancing hall was the first step on the downward path and one that was not easily retraced. Many of them beneath a rough exterior concealed a warm heart and in bad times showed themselves to be endowed with all the finer instincts of womanhood. I could fill many pages with the stories of their good deeds to the broken-down, the weary at heart, the wounded and the sick. Some of them ended in misery and misfortune, others again married miners or shepherds and became good wives and mothers.

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The farmers and their wives followed up the tide as it rolled unceasingly westwards and the dancing girls disappeared and became a thing of the past. Nearly every one of these girls had a lover and followed her lord and master blindly wherever he went.

There were, however, exceptions to this rule and it is about one of them that I am going to tell you a story. It is the story of a girl who subsequently became the talk of the whole country and who was the cause of some of my friends nearly losing their lives. Her name was Calamity Jane. I had scarcely made her acquaintance before one of her men friends, in a fit of jealousy, pointed his pistol at me. Luckily I was beforehand with him and, hurling my bowie knife at him, pinned him by the ear to the door in front of which he was standing, almost severing his ear from his head. I never saw Calamity Jane laugh so much.

I could have pierced him to the heart had I wished, but I spared him so that he might have time to think it over and behave more sensibly in future. His wound healed and he begged my pardon, which I accepted with a caution not to try it on again, or he would dig his own grave. He would seem to have taken my warning to heart, for we became firm friends until he was shot down by the golden-haired Pale-face, Buffalo Bill, and that was the end of him.

The world has its own code of morality—society makes its own laws by which men and women stand

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or fall. It may be just, and I believe it to be so ; but in those days there were a lot of men and women about who in all probability would have fallen considerably short of the ethical standard set up by mankind. Nevertheless in their innermost hearts and minds, many of them had a feeling which was as valuable to them as religion, which nowadays is so often made purely a matter of convention. There are many things I have done that I would not repeat if I had another chance of living my life over again. But the respect I entertain for the women of the frontier, in spite of all their faults, is a feeling I shall always keep and is one of the treasured recollections of those days which have long since passed into history.

The episode took place during the early life of my friend and brother, Buffalo Bill, who has now gone to the Everlasting Hunting Grounds. At the time of his death, which he felt to be approaching, he was one of the best-known people in the world. Few people understood him, as he was a man of few words. When he died, his life as a frontiersman, with its joys, its bitterness and its poverty, was a thing of the past. He had become a man to be counted with. Such was my friend to whom I had given the name of Buffalo Bill when he was fifteen years old. . . . Pa-Has-Ka !

Now for the story of Calamity Jane. To the majority of folk she was somewhat of a mystery. She dressed like a man, smoked, danced, and swore, and was as quick with her pistol as a frontiersman.

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She had a warm heart in spite of her apparent roughness. She was loyal and hard at the same time. She never asked a favour of the male sex because she was a woman, and I am quite certain she never granted one. If anyone had dealings with Jane the result was entirely in his own hands. It might, indeed, be damnably dangerous for him if he failed to handle her properly: I never met another girl in those frontier days who even distantly resembled her. Wild Bill was the only one of her many lovers she was really attached to—until—but I won't anticipate matters.

A soldier named Dalton and his wife happened to be living at Fort Laramie in 1862 when a daughter was born to them and was given the name of Jane. Next year, however, the soldier was discharged from the army and settled down with his family on the banks of the so-called La Bonita River, forty miles away from the fort. A few months later he was killed while working in the fields by a party of marauding Sioux. His wife, too, was shot by an arrow in the eye, but in spite of her semi-blindness and her sufferings, managed to escape with her baby. She travelled all night, hiding by day and living on roots and herbs, and eventually reached Fort Laramie, where she died the day after her arrival. Jane was adopted by a sergeant and his wife and became a universal favourite. The officers and soldiers used to call her Calamity Jane on account of the sad fate of her parents, and as such she was known all her life. She remained at the fort until

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she was fifteen. She drained her cup of joy and sorrow to the dregs and denied herself no pleasure, lawful or otherwise.

She had no use for civilians, but fell in love with every soldier she met. In order to carry out one of her escapades she had to disguise herself as a man and thereafter always dressed as such. It happened like this. She was carrying on a love affair with a certain Sergeant Shaw of the 3rd regiment of cavalry. His unit was given orders to escort the Genny Expedition into the Black Hills. Jane declined to be separated from her lover, and as there was no means of accompanying him if she dressed like a woman, she disguised herself as a soldier. Several weeks elapsed before she was detected by the officers and told to return to Fort Laramie.

The journey was a very dangerous one as the country was swarming just then with a great many tribes who had taken the field against their pale-faced invaders, so Jane determined not to return to the fort. She appealed to an officer of the baggage train, named Harry Young, subsequently Colonel Young, who took pity on the girl and arranged for her to accompany the expedition as cook for the officers' mess. She accordingly accompanied the expedition as far as Custer City, where she began a career that was out of the ordinary even in those days. She became the permanent guest of the camp, where she lived on her wits. Her main source of income was the gambling table supplemented by an occasional cattle raid into out-of-the-way country

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among the hills. Her features were of a thoroughly masculine type. She used to dance with the girls dressed in trousers, a woollen shirt and boots, with a sombrero on her head. She passed her time just like the men playing poker or other games of hazard and drinking spirits. She was very quick with her pistol that was scored with many a notch. She always had a kind word for those who were in difficulties, and money, too, if she happened to have it. She was very fond of the dancing-hall girls whose doughty champion she proved herself if they were molested, which was too often the case. She was very sociable when sober, but at other times everything depended on the amount and quality of what she had drunk. One day we were making rather an uproar in the camp for no particular reason but just to let off our high spirits. Suddenly an elderly man entered the room where we were dancing. He was very shabbily dressed in a long black frock-coat, a soft black hat and carried a Bible in his hand. He was going round the dancing halls telling them that he was a preacher and desired to save the souls of his brothers in Custer City. It was a Saturday evening. As luck would have it, he encountered Calamity Jane who was in a very bad temper in consequence of having drunk some very bad liquor. She turned on the old man and cursed him for all she was worth. The crowd, merry as all crowds are upon such occasions, backed her up and made the preacher leave the hall and then resumed dancing which they kept up till the following morning.

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When the door was pushed open by one of the boys at sunrise he was met to his astonishment, as well as of those whom he had left behind, by the sound of a soft tenor voice which flooded the room with its harmony. The boys stopped cursing and swearing and in a second nothing could be heard but the sound of the steps of those who were pressing towards the exit. With bowed heads and streaming eyes they stood and listened to him. Calamity Jane made her way through the press towards the open door where she saw the priest kneeling outside. He was singing "Home, Sweet Home." "Be it ever so humble there's no place like Home." Calamity Jane knelt down beside him and when he had finished singing went up to the priest and stretching out her hand helped him to rise. The crowd then gathered round him and listened to him as he proclaimed to them the word of God. There he stood bareheaded, the Bible in one hand, his hat in the other. When he had come to an end, Calamity Jane, who was still rather unsteady on her legs, reached for his hat and said to the crowd, "Put your hands in your pockets, the old boy looks as if he needs it. I'm going to collect two hundred dollars for him." Then with her free hand she pulled out her pistol saying as she did so that the sermon was worth two hundred dollars. "I feel more of a Christian, so hurry up, boys, and be quick with the money as I haven't much time to spare." She went through the crowd, the hat in one hand and the pistol in the other and collected altogether

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some two hundred and forty dollars in gold dust, the usual medium of payment in those days.

The old man tried to go on with his sermon, but Calamity Jane stepped up to him and handing him the money said, "Here, you damned old fool, take the money and fire off your sermon." Later on the old man, who was full of gratitude for the collection, told Jane that he was going on to Crook City, ten miles lower down the Canyon.

"It's dangerous, old boy."

"I'm not afraid," he replied.

"Here, take one of my pistols," said Calamity Jane, handing it to him.

"No," replied the priest, "I trust in God, for I know He will protect me."

Calamity Jane looked him straight in the face and said: "All that about good God is very fine. But take my advice, priest—here is my revolver."

The old man again refused, sewed his gold into a piece of cloth and started off. The crowd watched him as he went. He had been gone perhaps a quarter of an hour when he stopped, turned round and with hands uplifted poured a blessing upon those who had been so kind and generous to him. Then he went on again.

"Well, boys," said Calamity Jane, "what do you say? Let's have a drink and wish the old man luck on his journey."

It was past noon when they left the bar. Just as the last of them were staggering out a couple of men rode into the camp and said that they

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had found the body of an old man who had been murdered.

"How was he dressed?" asked some of the bystanders.

"Entirely in black and there was a Bible in the mud beside him."

Some of the crowd had followed him, you see, and killed him for the money that was on him.

The Reverend Mr. Smith, as the priest was called, was the first man to sow the seeds of Christianity in the Black Hills.

Shortly after this event Wild Bill who had been with the Cheyenne Indians rode into the camp and was followed by Buffalo Bill and myself a few days later. Wild Bill's arrival caused much excitement as he had a great reputation—a reputation that was not wholly favourable. There were a great many heroes of the revolver in camp at the time and many of them, strange as it may seem, were jealous of Wild Bill's reputation as a man-killer. On the evening of his arrival six gunmen from Montana had collected in one of the bars where their conversation gradually became more and more heated and hostile to Wild Bill. Someone told Wild Bill that they were abusing him. He at once went to the bar and going up to them spoke to them as follows: "I have been told that you gunmen from Montana have been criticizing me. I would like to say quite clearly that if you don't stop there will be some cheap funerals in this camp. I didn't come here to

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be talked about or to listen to idiotic chatter but to be left in peace ; I've no intention whatever of being insulted. Quick march to the wall, you shepherds of sheep—hands up—and hand over your arms at once."

You can bet they were pretty quick about it !

Bill met Calamity Jane there and she at once lost her heart to him. One of Wild Bill's jobs in the camp was to replenish his purse at the gaming tables, whereas Buffalo Bill and I had come on more important business. The Government was trying just then to weed the worst characters out of the camp and to fulfil its treaties with the Sioux and we had been sent into the district to see that its instructions were carried out and above all to find out how the Pale-faces were treating my people.

The meeting between Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill was a very cordial and friendly one and we spent a good many pleasant days and nights together. I remember one night we were standing at the bar as friendly as if we had known one another for years. Suddenly Buffalo Bill remarked that Wild Bill kept on filling his glass with his left hand and looking round to see that nobody was standing behind him while he was drinking.

"What's up, Bill?—anything wrong?" asked Buffalo Bill.

"It's only my habit," he replied, "you can never be sure that some fellow or other isn't going to put a bullet into you from behind ; one must be on one's guard."

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He can never have dreamt that in spite of all his precautions, his fate was about to overtake him.

As Buffalo Bill and I were leaving the camp a few days later we asked Wild Bill to accompany us.

"I can't," he said, "I'm in love or at any rate think I am."

"With whom?" we both asked.

"I'll tell you later. Au revoir, boys."

We were away for about a week. In the course of our ride we twice met with tribes of Sioux who were very friendly with Buffalo Bill.

The Great Chief "Sitting Bull" said to Pa-Ha-Ka (Buffalo Bill): "This country belongs to us. We are now making treaties with our pens—we shall soon do so with our bullets."

We wished him luck and left him. As our business was done we returned to Custer City where we hoped to have a good time as the camp was full of amusing companions. Bill and Buffalo got on very well. It was only when Wild Bill was with Jane that he became unbearable. Jane at once fell in love with Buffalo Bill, but I warned him to have nothing to do with her.

One evening when Wild Bill was in particularly good spirits he began to chaff Buffalo about it. Buffalo got cross and said to Bill: "You're mad."

"Maybe," said Bill, "but she says you're the best-looking boy she's ever seen, and Heaven knows she's seen enough of them."

And Wild Bill frowned and cast a momentary glance of suspicion at Buffalo.

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"Be careful, Bill," he went on. "She's *my* girl."

His good humour had returned in a minute or two, however, and he was laughing and clapping Buffalo Bill on his shoulder. For Buffalo Bill was his friend and he knew it.

That evening Wild Bill and Calamity Jane dined together. Towards the end of dinner Buffalo Bill came in and sat down with them. Wild Bill then got up and said he was going to try his luck with the cards. Jane stayed with Buffalo and looked on while he ate his dinner. Before he had finished a gold-digger came up and asked Jane for a dance. She had only just gone when a message from General Crook was handed to Buffalo Bill the reply to which had to be sent off at once. Buffalo Bill got up and went to his room to write his report. As soon as it had been dispatched he set out to find Bill and visited three or four gaming houses but drew blank every time.

In one of the bars, however, he had seen Calamity Jane sitting on the knee of the gold-digger and drinking wine and spirits with him.

Buffalo Bill went back to his room and began to undress before going to bed. He had just pulled off his boots and placed his pistol in its leather holster on the table when the door burst open and Wild Bill appeared on the threshold.

"Where the devil have you been?" he yelled in a fury.

"Come in, Bill, what's the matter?" asked Buffalo, for he saw that Wild Bill was drunk.

"Where is Jane?" hissed Wild Bill.

"My God, you are drunk!"

Wild Bill slowly advanced from the door and staggered up to Buffalo Bill, narrowly inspecting every corner of the room as he did so. Trembling with rage he again asked: "I say, where is she?"

Buffalo Bill jumped up from his bed saying angrily as he did so:

"You damned fool, how should I know where she is? she's no concern of mine."

"I left you and her together three hours ago and neither of you has been seen since."

Wild Bill lurched up to the table and Buffalo saw him stretch out his hand to seize the holster. He knew what that meant and said: "Bill, you are either drunk or mad. Put down the revolver."

"No, you cursed dog," roared Bill, snatching Buffalo Bill's pistol out of its holster and pointing it at him as he did so.

"You've stolen my girl. I give you a minute to make your miserable peace with God. Be quick about it as the seconds go quickly."

Buffalo Bill stared at Wild Bill in astonishment. He was completely at a loss what to do. Wild Bill had evidently either gone mad or was mad drunk. But he also knew that Wild Bill never pulled out his revolver without meaning business.

It was a serious matter in those days when the men of the great West had recourse to the decisive argument that they carried about with them in their holsters.

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Buffalo Bill raised himself to his full height and crossed his arms. His cheeks were ashen and his heart was beating wildly. There they stood face to face with flashing eyes, Wild Bill beside himself with rage, Buffalo Bill cool, collected, and calm, but furious in spite of his obvious danger.

"Shoot, Wild Bill, damn you, shoot," he said coldly and cuttingly. "I know nothing about this woman. I saw her an hour ago sitting on a gold-digger's knee. What's up, Bill? Your hand's trembling. Keep calm and shoot. Let's have done with Buffalo Bill."

"Where did you see her?" hissed Bill between his clenched teeth. His blue eyes had gone quite pale.

"Over the way in the Eagle Coffee House, you fool, as I told you, on a man's lap."

"Buffalo Bill, you are lying or telling the truth. I have always known you for a man . . . open the door and I'll follow you."

"Open it yourself," thundered Buffalo Bill, "and go where you like. I'll wait here for you."

Wild Bill staggered across the room, revolver in hand, and slammed the door behind him.

Buffalo Bill stood stock-still for one second and drew a deep breath and with a shrug of his shoulders started to finish undressing and go to bed. Suddenly, however, he changed his mind and pulled on his boots again. He had been a little upset by the scene with Bill but now he realized that his friend—for his friend he really was—was hardly respon-

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sible for his actions that evening, had drunk a great deal too much and in the state he was in was certain to get into trouble and he therefore felt he ought to keep an eye on him. It is the unwritten law of the West that a friend must stand by his friend, come what may.

Buffalo Bill accordingly pulled on his jacket and started off after Wild Bill in order to avert, if possible, the disaster which he felt to be impending, not that another notch on Wild Bill's pistol would have been of any great consequence but because the latter was hardly in a fit state to defend himself if he overstepped the mark. Hastily leaving his hotel he rushed across to the Eagle Coffee House: meeting two of his acquaintances he asked them if they had seen Wild Bill.

"Wild—that's the right name for him, he was foaming with rage just now when he rushed into the Eagle Coffee House and as wild as a mountain lion," was their reply.

Buffalo pushed several of the men aside who were talking excitedly round the entrance and rushed into the dancing bar.

Wild Bill was leaning on the bar holding his revolver with Calamity Jane nestling against him with her arm round his neck; on the other side of the room a knot of men were bending over a recumbent form.

"Come here, Buffalo Bill," exclaimed Wild Bill as he entered. "Old friend, I'm sorry; I believe I was drunk when I spoke to you like that just now."

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Buffalo Bill went up to him.

"Here's your revolver, Bill."

As Buffalo took it he felt that the barrel was still hot ; another glance showed him that one of the chambers was empty.

"Mixer, give my friend something to drink."

.
That night Wild Bill was killed.

CHAPTER XXI

THE STEAM ROLLER OF CIVILIZATION

I HAVE told you this true story, my friends, in order to give you a picture of camp life during the gold rush. It took the United States a long time to enforce law and order. I could fill volumes with stories of similar happenings. That, however, is not what I have set out to do. Times such as these belong to the past and the heroes and the villains of them are dead. The world has become more peaceful and there is no longer a Wild West—but only, I am sorry to say, a “civilized” West.

The Government was greatly assisted in its task of establishing orderly conditions in the West by the extraordinary advance of technical science. The secret paths along which we wound our way through the wilderness and the tracks of the emigrants’ caravans soon gave place to the permanent way and the metals of the great railways, and with their disappearance, space, the most dangerous adversary of authority, was vanquished.

Building plots are being staked out in what was once unexplored and mysterious regions and the wonders displayed by Nature on so gigantic a scale are visited by swarms of tourists in their comfortable motor-cars.

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The Indian trail from Missouri to Santa Fé became the principal route to the West and later was followed by the Grand Trunk line connecting the East with the West, and the petrified forest in Arizona which covers thousands of acres in extent, and the long rent in the wilderness that we call the Devil's canyon and the Spaniards the Canyon del Diabolo have become merely objects of interest to travellers.

I should have no objection to raise were it not for the fact that my poor people have been the victims of this civilization and of these developments.

Not content with destroying our game, confining us in Reservations and chasing us from one area to another, they have now handed us over completely to the mercy of the Pale-faces, who have grown rich by living in a country that once belonged to us.

If we deliberately preferred peace, it was because we had no option in the matter; otherwise we should have all been exterminated like Chief Geronimo and his Apaches. But we wanted a just peace and expected justice; but in vain.

The fifty years that have elapsed since the war hatchet was buried, these last fifty years, I repeat, have been the period of terrible suffering for my people. In old days we could fight and die, it is true, but we knew at any rate that we were dying to preserve a home for our children.

Nowadays our whole nation is homeless and even

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our rights of citizenship in a land which we once owned are merely nominal.

I myself buried the war hatchet—beneath the steps of the White House.

I know I did it. But if I had been able then to foresee the future I most assuredly would not have done so. For the years which followed this symbolical action of mine were a long period of unbroken guerilla warfare carried on by peaceful methods. In other words, the Indian Bureau was set up, which I am going to speak of presently.

Instead of affording us assistance, as was the intention of its creators, it became a centre of intrigue, malversation and cruelty, and a source of pecuniary benefit for its employees.

How were we treated? you may ask.

Treaties were concluded on every possible subject under the sun. They agreed to pay us subsidies and to leave us in unmolested possession of this or that territory. The subsidies were swallowed up by the Indian Bureau and never reached us, and as for our territories, why, a tribe hardly ever settled down in a fresh area before discoveries were made of mineral wealth in the shape of coal, oil or metals. And immediately we would be told, invariably by the Indian Bureau, of course, in order to keep up appearances, that the territory in question was unsuitable and that we were to be given better hunting country. Instead of being given compensation for the wealth beneath the soil we were presented instead with some other bit of land, often

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some barren, rocky area where hunting and fishing were impossible and where we nearly died in winter for want of food and clothing.

I assert that many Indians in the Reservations actually died of cold and hunger during the winter of 1928-29.

We wished to be given educational facilities so as to enable us to adapt our children to the altered conditions of existence as the Pale-faces do with theirs. They did indeed give us a few schools, but only in the towns where our children who, from time immemorial, had been accustomed to light and air, were herded together in stuffy rooms. The children fell ill. When they caught infectious diseases they were sent home to their villages without any care or medical precautions whatever, and the infection spread to our settlements in consequence.

Under this régime our race, which recently had been so strong and vigorous, began to fade away. Death was the mightiest chieftain in our ranks.

Of course, a great many of the Indians survived. Some of my grandchildren are barristers, bankers and merchants.

The great mass of our people, however, was incapable of any reaction. Some of them sold themselves and were made to play a ridiculous part in foreign circus undertakings.

No doubt my people themselves are responsible to a certain extent for their misfortunes. They were almost forcibly introduced to the "blessings of civilization," especially to fire-water. Its tempta-

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tions were too much for them and their stamina became impaired by intemperance and idleness.

I don't want to weary my white brothers with details. It is the same sad story with more or less mournful variations throughout these last fifty years.

The saddest feature of it all is the disappearance of so much that can never be recalled. Never again will one of my descendants stand upon the mountain-tops and look down upon a widespread wilderness uncontaminated and beautiful like some holy paradise—a lord and sovereign in his kingdom.

Never again will the mighty thunder of the buffalo herds break upon my ears. Never again will my youngsters—were they ten times as swift of foot as myself—run down the white horse, the defiant white mustang with his black mane and his black tail that swept the ground.

All that is gone for ever, and the Great Manitoo alone knows why he allowed so much that was good to be destroyed.

My heart is sad, nor will it rejoice again until I can ride alongside of my great and proud chiefs in the Everlasting Hunting Grounds that no Pale-face can steal from us.

CHAPTER XXII

THE INDIAN BUREAU

TILL that day comes, however, I will fight as I have done all my life.

There are eighty-nine scalps on my belt : and to-day, although I can no longer fight with bow and arrow and tomahawk, I can still write and speak on behalf of the liberty of my people and plead that justice be done them.

Would that I could cast the lasso of my eloquence round the neck of the Indian Bureau, that main source of the evils from which we are still suffering.

How many of you, my white brothers, are acquainted with the Indian Bureau? Even the Americans themselves know nothing about it, otherwise they would sweep it away as the tracks of wild beasts are swept away by the wind in the desert.

The American people are kind and just, but they are deliberately kept in ignorance of the sufferings that we still have to endure. The Indian Bureau carries on propaganda and tells all of you, my white brothers, that we are prosperous and well cared for. No greater untruth has ever been uttered.

I am going to devote the rest of my life to fighting this lie.

Although I am one hundred and seven years old

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I am not spending my days in peace and tranquillity on my farms in Colorado and California. My sons and grandsons can attend to them and try to make enough to provide their mothers, sisters and children with the necessities of life.

I have set out to travel all over America and indeed the world.

I am a poor old chief who is living in narrow hotel quarters in strange towns and foreign lands. But I shall never weary of refuting this lie about my people or of opening the eyes of the world to the great sufferings of what is now so small a remnant of our nation.

The talk is everywhere of the right of self-determination of the nations. And it was with a clear conscience that our great father President Wilson preached this doctrine to the Old World. But no sooner had it arrived there than it was taken out of his hands and twisted and distorted till it became unrecognizable.

My German brothers are well acquainted with the right of self-determination as applied to their fellow-tribesmen in the Tyrol, Silesia and Czecho-Slovakia.

But my people have fared even worse, and that in the very country which, as it were, exported the right of self-determination.

I will tell you before I conclude what is going on even at the present time. May I hope that every reader of this book will co-operate in repairing the greatest wrong that the human race has ever done to a people ?

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If there is to be a great fight for the freedom of humanity, do not let the Indian people be passed over. May every one of you act the part of a good soldier in the fight.

I have smoked the pipe of peace with a great many of my white brothers, with great presidents and statesmen and with brave heroes such as the aviators Köhl, Fitzmaurice and Hünefeld, with savants and the leading men of your nation, and have created many of them chiefs.

I look upon every one of them as my brothers and friends and I want them to help me to secure the triumph of peace and amity all over the world, for in the sight of the Great Manitoo we are surely but one heart, one soul, and one body.

That object must be attained here on earth and we Indians must form part of that community.

We can never regain our former position nor hope to lead the glorious existence that was ours when we were masters of the whole of America. We do not ask for any special treatment or earthly wealth, but merely claim the same rights and freedom that are enjoyed by my other white brothers in America.

There is only one thing that stops us as I will show you, and that is the Indian Bureau.

As far back as 1887, when President Cleveland was in office, Congress adopted a resolution in favour of the abolition of the so-called Bureau for Indian Affairs.

Nevertheless, the Bureau since then has constantly extended the sphere of its activities. The whole

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system is marked by secrecy and is autocratic in the extreme. We are absolutely controlled by it. It administers the money voted by the State for the maintenance of the Indian people, but the real Indian in the Reservations never sees any of it. Not only is he scantily fed and clothed, but instead of enjoying the rights of American citizenship as were promised him, he is subjected to a system of special legislation which practically reduces him to slavery.

What else can you call a system under which the heirs of a deceased Indian are forbidden to cultivate their plot of land without the permission of the Indian Bureau, or under which an Indian may not purchase or acquire land without the assent of officialdom? A system under which, for instance, officials can arrest an Indian in Wisconsin for quitting the Reservation in Montana without leave, take him back to Montana and confine him there in the special gaol of the Bureau, although, under a resolution adopted by Congress in 1924, the Indians were nominally granted the rights of free American citizenship.

Free American citizenship! To think that such a right can be disputed in the case of a people like ours which really and truly is the old American people that was here for thousands of years before the arrival of the Pale-faces!

Does anyone know that as late as 1820 the Indians in the East were promised "Happy hunting grounds in the Middle West" in which they would be unmolested if they would evacuate the Eastern terri-

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tories? Does anyone know that in 1825 President Monroe declared the country west of the Mississippi to be "Indian territory" and a permanent home for the tribes?

It would perhaps have been wise even then to have given them the rights of citizenship, to have tried to absorb and to have given them a chance of developing along lines that would have drawn them closer to the whites. Instead of which they were treated as savages and barbarians, in fact like a herd of slaves that is driven hither and thither at the behest of its master.

How true are those lines of Longfellow!—

"Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Brought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years."

Even slaves when you come to think of it, must be looked after, fed and clothed.

What is going on in the Reservations?

Most of the Pale-faces are quite ignorant on the subject, as they are prevented by the officials of the Indian Bureau from entering the Reservations.

I cannot help quoting from Longfellow once more some verses which illustrate the situation of my red brothers, the Indians, better than any words of mine :

"Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves, glared at them."

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I only wish you could see the wretched huts in which so many of them have got to live.

I grant you that the Bureau has been experimenting with the Indians through the medium of various charitable and scientific organizations ; its real object in doing so, however, was to justify its own existence.

It is almost incredible that such conditions, repugnant as they are to public opinion in the countries inhabited by the Pale-faces, can still exist in a modern state, and yet such is the case.

The Indian Bureau obviously feels itself called upon to think, discriminate and act on behalf of the Indians, although remaining quite oblivious to the harmful effect of its action upon their minds and morals. This system of help, if help it can be called, is radically wrong from top to bottom. Such methods of educating an individual, let alone a whole people, are bound to end in failure unless indeed the object of those who advocate it is to maintain us perpetually in a state of degrading tutelage.

There are plenty of men in our ranks who have proved their ability to adapt themselves to modern conditions in spite of every disadvantage and to attain to positions of wealth and respect.

There is absolutely no excuse for the camouflaged slavery of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

"Away with the Indian Bureau," say I, and I will go on saying so until America awakes and remembers that at the entrance of New York harbour

THE INDIAN BUREAU

there is a statue of Liberty whose rays symbolize the victory of light over darkness.

I will conclude with a poem composed by myself called "The Indian's Lament."

Woe unto us, despised and hated ;
To the desert land we're relegated ;
Deprived of freedom, bread and home,
Consigned to wolf and lion's tomb.
Oft from our wigwams we were driven,
Then had no shelter under heaven.
They killed our dear little papoose,
And oft our loving squaws seduced.
For pelt of bears, for mink or otter
They paid with their cursed fire-water.
They called us savage in complaints—
Does Christian worship make them Saints ?
On justice ne'er were they intent,
They called it all expedient.
When all the land from which we're driven,
To us the white man's God had given—
The mountains, lakes, all Nature's boons,
Held by our forefathers, countless moons,
And buffalo herds no man could number
Gave us food and house for slumber.
The antelope, deer, fowl and fish
Afforded us a luscious dish.
The gentle zephyrs through the leaves
With murmuring brook did interweave,
While round the camp fire we would dance
And at the stars above us glance.
Then joy and freedom ruled supreme,
And nights were passed in sweetest dream.
We too have wife and children dear
That with the white man's brood compare ;
We eat the same food as the white ;
We too feel pain and heart's delight ;
Our organs all are of the kind
That in the white man you will find,

WE INDIANS

And our emotions manifold
Like theirs, not always in control.
When they seek us to annihilate,
Should we not then retaliate?
They landed on the ocean strand
And did of us our homes demand.
For conscience' sake they gave us part
Of what we owned of Nature's chart.
We did at first make no resistance,
But helped them to a new existence,
And when we saw our dismal fate
We sadly found it was too late.
They've driven us from East to West
Regardless of our dire protest,
And all our freedom thus suppressed
Will soon beneath the sod find rest—
An Indian, Nature's child begotten,
Soon in oblivion lost, forgotten.

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